The Steel Trap *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—September 4, 1976, 60 cents

Yankees Come Home

Daniel Yergin

GOP: Past, Present, Future

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CITIVIEWS

CITIVIEWS is distributed quarterly to Citicorp investors. It contains viewpoints on timely issues affecting the public interest. We believe the following may be of interest to you...

"Suppose they held a convention and nobody came?"

A television commentator raised this question during the unprecedented series of political primaries that launched the 1976 presidential campaign. It deserves to be answered. What, indeed, would happen if nobody came to the conventions? Or, for that matter, if no one bothered to vote in the election. Would anybody care? Does it matter?

It has become the custom in election years to urge everyone to vote. National advertising campaigns popularize slogans like "Vote for the Candidate of Your Choice—But Vote." It is considered somewhat of an embarrassment that, among all the Western democracies, the United States turns out the lowest percentage of voters on election day. And whatever he might secretly prefer, no candidate for office is heard to say, "Unless you intend to vote for me, please stay home." Even a vote for the opposition is presumed to be better than no vote at all.

Illogical as this presumption might appear, it springs from a sound historical instinct. For the history of democracy has been the continual rediscovery that all members of a society—rich and poor, wise and foolish—somehow contrive a better life for themselves when their political decisions are made collectively than when left to any one group in the society acting alone.

That is the one essential tenet of the democratic faith, without which democratic government becomes impossible. A citizen who fails to vote is, in effect, denying fellow citizens the benefit of his or her opinion. Were every citizen to behave likewise, the democratic process would grind to a halt. Intentionally or not, the voter who chooses to "sit this one out" is indulging in conduct that is fundamentally anti-democratic and perceived as such by those struggling to make the democratic system work. It is one more tiny leak in the ship of state.

Subversion of democracy consists of nothing more than placing the ultimate power to decide in the hands of some one citizen, or some group of citizens, to the exclusion of all the others. Whether the decision-making power comes to rest in the hands of a few because they conspire to seize it, or because others let it slip from their grasp, the result is the same. This is a point apparently overlooked by large numbers of Americans. For despite our relatively poor performance at the polling place, in opinion polls we continue to regard our own democracy as healthier than most others. People are able to believe this because, as one pollster recently reported, "If they did not actively participate in political affairs, they felt they could do so if they wanted to." This was also the view of the Roman Senate in the time of Augustus. Only when they attempted to renew their active participation, after the lapse of a generation or so, did they discover that while they were relaxing, Rome had ceased to be a republic.

Poor health in a democratic society infected by too many nonparticipating members becomes apparent, however, long before the disease becomes terminal. More than one hundred years ago, John Stuart Mill was able to write:

When nobody, or only some small fraction, feels the degree of interest in the general affairs of the State necessary to the formation of a public opinion, the electors will seldom make any use of the right of suffrage but to serve their private interest, or the interest of their locality, or of someone with whom they are connected as adherents or dependents. The small class who, in this state of public feeling, gain the command of the representative body, for the most part use it solely as a means of seeking their fortune.

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It is hardly necessary to point out that the phenomena Mill described were not unique to early 19th-century England, nor to adduce further arguments for getting to the polls on election day.

Dissatisfaction with the candidates and issues put forward by our two major parties is the most commonly heard excuse for nonvoting. "If they want me to vote, let them put up somebody worth voting for"—like a dyspeptic guest at a smorgasbord waiting for the caterers to spread their wares on the table.

The citizen who feels this way is confusing the role of a voter with that of a consumer. In a free-market society, the consumer's disinclination to buy is a powerful creative force, eliminating wasteful surpluses and inspiring ceaseless innovation and invention as producers seek to overcome consumer apathy with more desirable goods and better services. But an election is not an auction, and the political arena is not a banquet hall. If we succeeded in turning it into one, and left the catering to others, the result would not be a more elaborate and tempting buffet to choose from, but service table d'hôte—one dish for everyone, with no substitutions allowed. This has, in fact, been known to happen. It is called the one-party state.

Those who call themselves "Independents" now slightly outnumber those who consider themselves Democrats, and are more than twice as numerous as those who consider themselves Republicans. But to express dissatisfaction with the performance of the political parties by becoming "independent" is not to create a new alternative, for it really means withdrawing from that part of the electoral process where people decide what this year's political options are going to be. Since there is no "Independent Party," it offers us no options of its own, and it is misleading to say, "She's a Democrat, he's a Republican, and I'm an Independent." For the first two represent coalitions of people engaged in a common political effort, whereas "Independent" refers only to an individual who is not so engaged.

Even Thomas Jefferson, who once wrote, "If I could not go to heaven but with a party, I would not go there at all," soon discovered that he could not impress his principles and beliefs upon the electorate of his day without the help of an organized political party. Does anyone really believe it can be done today? And even if there should arise among us one who could—through some singular mesmeric power over television, perhaps—would we really applaud the result?

The leader of a national political party in the United States, after all, represents far more than his party's platform. He stands atop a pyramid composed of party units in fifty states, each with its own problems to worry about, from local school boards to mayors and governors, senators, and congressmen (all functioning, presumably, without the help of our Independent voter). It is highly unlikely that any leader will ever arise who is wise enough to contain within himself such a sprawling diversity of aims and interests.

But even if such a paragon should be found, the rest of us would become hardly more than a "flock of sheep innocently nibbling the grass side by side," as Mill described the non-participating citizen, adding that "a people may prefer a free government, but if from indolence, or carelessness, or cowardice, or want of public spirit, they are unequal to the exertions necessary for preserving it...though it may be for their good to have had it even for a short time, they are unlikely long to enjoy it."

So perhaps the best way to respond to the question that occasioned this little essay—"Suppose they held a convention and nobody came?"—is to give no answer at all. The question is moot; in real life, it will never happen.

For you may depend on it, somebody *will* come. Someone always does. And there is still safety in numbers.

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TRB

from Washington
September 4, 1976

Is Everything Copacetic?

There's a pearl button on my rolltop desk that used to summon someone 50 years ago when Miss Rigby pushed it, but it brings nobody now except after hours when I press it to talk to the Jones family. The Jones family is the government's statistical abstraction, the average American family, with Papa Jones and Mama Jones and two "dependents" (Esmeralda, 10, and Agamemnon, 4).

So I "mashed" the button (as Lyndon used to say) and there they were, before you could say "microeconomics," and I said severely, "Jerry and Jimmy are going to engage in face-to-face television debate if the FCC and Congress and the Elections Commission and the FBI let them, and it will be the sensation of 1976. I want to bone up on a few vital statistics. So Mr. Jones—is it all right if I call you John?—will you please define yourself?"

"I am the breadwinner of a sociological unit known as the average American worker, in nonsupervisory, private, nonfarm, employment," answered Mr. Jones in a singsong impersonal voice.

"Fine, fine," I said, trying to break the ice, "and how do you feel today?"

"Average. I always feel average. Mrs. Jones, too—average."

"How much do you earn a week?"

"In July 1976, my gross weekly earnings were $177.51. My 'take-home pay' (that's after they deduct federal income taxes, sir, was $157.42."

"Well, John—maybe I had better call you Mister Jones, after all—that sounds like a lot of money: that's about $8185 gross annually! Your father wouldn't have believed you were making that!"

"A lot of money with hamburger 89 cents?" protested Mrs. Jones.

"Exactly," I said. "President Ford in his acceptance speech said that the economy is hunky-dory, we are in the full surge of sound recovery to steady prosperity, and I wondered how this affected the average American working family. Your take-home pay, after federal taxes, is now about $157. What's that in 1967 dollars?"

"In constant 1967 dollars, sir, $92."

"What was your weekly take-home pay in 1966?"

"It was $91.32 in constant 1967 dollars, sir."

"Why, you don't mean to say, you don't mean to say that in 10 years you, as the representative of the average American working family! . . ."

("Nonsupervisory in private, nonfarm employment," interjected Jones.)

" . . . you have managed to raise your weekly purchasing power by less than a dollar? It's astonishing! Why the financial pages tell how well we are all doing, how the economy is improving, how people are buying cars and how conservatives are going to vote Republican; and then you tell me you're hardly any better off. Surely it wasn't like this under the Democrats? Didn't spendable weekly earnings increase faster?"

"In the years 1961-68 inclusive, the average increase was 10 percent; eight dollars a week; around $400 a year."

"Well, that's Kennedy-Johnson. Now how about under Nixon-Ford?"

"It's averaged eight cents a week."

"Great Scot! Mr. Jones, can I be personal? How are you going to vote this November as a representative of the average American worker?"

I didn't get an answer. There was an alarming crash. Agamemnon was loose. Damn the boy, he had knocked over the water-cooler. When I looked up the Joneses were gone.

If I were Jimmy Carter boning up for a debate right now I would consider the Joneses, and be reading *The Promise of Greatness: The Social Programs of the Last Decade and Their Major Achievements* ($15; Harvard). It is by Sar A. Levitan and Robert Taggart. It is a cool, calm discussion of where we are and how we got there under Lyndon Johnson's "Great Society." Without palliating mistakes or excusing overblown rhetoric, it gives an almost point-by-point reply to a lot that was said at the Republican Kansas City convention.

"The Great Society did not eliminate poverty, but the number of poor was reduced and their deprivation significantly alleviated . . . The Great Society did not equalize the status of blacks and other minorities, but substantial gains were made which have not been completely eroded. Significant redistribution of income was not achieved or sought, but the disadvantaged and disenfranchised were helped.

"The Great Society did not have any magic formula for prosperity but its politics contributed to the longest period of sustained growth in . . . history."

The Jones family, as a matter of fact, might appeal to *The Promise of Greatness*. Why has the economic advance of the average worker been so reduced? Because, say the authors, under Nixon and Ford "the policy response was to cool the economy by combatting inflation with joblessness. The result has been the highest unemployment since the Great Depression and persisting inflation."

Maybe yes; maybe no. Sar Levitan, professor of economics at George Washington University, and Robert Taggart, executive director of the National Manpower Policy Task Force, agree that Johnson made overblown promises and should have boosted taxes to check Vietnam inflation.

But along came Nixon: "The Nixon game plan was to let the recession run its course and clamp down on spending. But as the 1972 elections approached, a choice was made to spur the economy. Excessive stimulation and the decontrol of wages and prices led to inflation. The international oil and food crises then continued to push up prices. . . ."

The Great Society contributed to the 1969-71 slump—"but subsequent policies have missed the mark far more."

There is frequent reference today to the supposed "conservative mood" of America, and I caught two mentions of it the other day on the editorial page of *The Wall Street Journal* which felt abused that some liberal move was being made. I don't think the mood is conservative. It is discontented, cynical, frustrated. There is no more "silent majority" today, I think, than in 1972, or in Goldwater's day. Is social welfare bankrupting the nation? The authors say that as a proportion of GNP it has risen from 11.6 percent in fiscal 1965 to 17.7 percent in 1974. The GOP calls this a "welfare state." Jimmy Carter in reply has the opportunity to make 1976 one of the clearest choices on big issues in presidential history.

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Steel Prices: Ever Upward

On Friday, August 13, US Steel announced that it would raise prices for flat-rolled steel by four to seven percent. It was the company's second big increase of the year, one that Chairman of the Board Edgar Speer had predicted would not happen. In Atlanta last May, Speer told the press that business was good and the company's one price increase in April would probably be enough for the year. But at the time he spoke, steel was selling well, and the mills were running at about 90 percent capacity. Speer apparently thought the good trend would continue through the summer. He was wrong. Since then, the economy has slowed somewhat, and steel is not selling as well.

Classical, correct economics says that when a producer in a free market cannot sell his goods, he lowers the price. According to this rule, a ton of rolled steel that can't be sold for $300 in June can be sold for $290 in July, and a good businessman will lower his profit expectations when sales are bad. Price cutting shows that the market is competitive. But that isn't what happens when US Steel can't sell its goods. Price cutting is taboo among steelmen. In fact, US Steel *never* officially cuts prices. Why should it? Sooner or later the economy will pick up, and when it does, US Steel will be waiting like a bank, ready to sell its products to those who are willing to pay its prices. Lowering prices is a waste of effort and a great risk. A big corporation can lose millions of dollars on a tiny reduction. Furthermore it makes business terribly chaotic. God knows, once begun, it could lead to a vicious situation in which American companies would actually compete openly for customers. That kind of behavior is expected of street vendors, but big corporations can't abide it. They have more important things to worry about.

Rather than cut prices in times of slow business, US Steel had adopted a new principle, a law that suits the feudal economics of the '70s in which the real competition is over geographical and political advantage. It goes like this: when sales decline, *raise prices.* It's a new kind of tax. Being the greatest principality in the American steel kingdom, US Steel knows that along with about six other leaders, it has pretty well cornered the best sources of iron ore, the best coal, the best manufacturing sites, the best transportation arrangements and the best banking friends. Who can threaten it? Only one of its fellow giants, and they usually try not to rock the boat for they need revenue

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too. (At this writing, four of them—National Steel, Republic Steel, Armco and Inland—have followed US Steel's lead and raised their prices too.) When buyers fail to place orders on schedule, as they apparently failed to do this summer, the steel companies give them a little nudge. US Steel's price increase, announced in August, was set to go into effect a month and a half later, on October 1. The message was clear: buy now or pay more in October.

This interpretation of the steel business is not taken from radical pamphleteers, but from economists who go to work each morning in Jerry Ford's White House. The acting chairman of the President's Wage and Price Stability Council, William Lilley, III, told *The Wall Street Journal* this month that the steel price increase was probably intended to stimulate sales between now and October 1. The *Journal* reported: "In some recent instances, Mr. Lilley said, companies have announced price increases with long lead times, and their customers have responded by buying heavily before the increases' effective date." Spokesmen for US Steel and the Inland Steel Corporation, when asked about this, did not dispute Lilley's reading of their motives. They agreed that it made some sense, and the man at Inland added that "there's nothing new about this, you know. The effective dates for price increases have been getting out farther and farther in advance." There is little quarrel about the nature of steel pricing. But there's a big quarrel over that it means.

Here is what the Wage and Price Council said in a report issued in July 1975: "The steel industry is an oligopoly of relatively few sellers. It has a long history of administered, rather than competitive, prices that dates from at least 1900 . . . The behavior model has been for leaders among the major companies to set prices, and for other major companies to follow. Discipline among the followers has been maintained by a number of means. One was immediate punitive competition against any major mills which tried to sell at lower prices." The council report concluded that, although steel profits were low during the early '70s, they are not low today. It saw no justification for large new price increases.

Government intervention to keep the steel companies in line has been sporadic, but consistent. With one exception, every President since Truman has found it necessary to lean on the companies at some time. The most dramatic instance was in 1962 when John Kennedy sent FBI agents to Pittsburgh to question US Steel executives about a price increase he opposed. Even Nixon, though he didn't single out steel, did impose a general price freeze that had the unintended effect of causing steel prices to decline in relation to other wholesale prices. In this way, the White House has served as an unofficial regulator to keep steel prices from getting out of hand. The one exception is Jerry Ford. Although his Wage and Price Council has written critical reports on steel, he has not heeded them and he has failed to check the upward drift in prices. He follows a passive doctrine.

In April, for example, when US Steel announced that it intended to raise prices by six percent, Ford told a reporter that he was "disturbed" and ordered his price council to "study" the steel problem. The council had already done this last year and reached the conclusions cited above. Needless to say, Ford had ignored these conclusions. The council's report greatly annoyed the steel executives, who when they read it, bellowed that the White House staff was muddle-headed, obtuse, academic and wrong. In deference to the bellowing, the White House invited the steelmen to come to Washington and present their side of the story. An outside consultant—Professor Paul Marshall of the Harvard Business School—was invited to come along, collect the criticism and analyze it. He published his report, which was more sympathetic to the industry, under the White House imprimatur in April. Steel executives now cite it as a superior piece of research. Since then, the Wage and Price Council has been meeker. In its report on the April 1976 price increase, for example, the council hesitated to make a judgment because it couldn't persuade the companies to turn over the data it needed to evaluate their claims that costs were rising and profits falling. But then it decided that, lacking the evidence, it had no reason to fault the claims either, so what the hell. The council acquiesced in the April price increase and when US Steel raised prices a second time this August, the scenario was played out again. In reply to a reporter's question, the President said he was very concerned and ordered the council to go study steel again. The council is back at work, but whatever report it makes is unlikely to come out before November.

Although Ford refused twice this year to intervene to stop steel price increases, he did intervene once to help the steel companies. It happened in May. A group of companies that make "specialty steel," the most costly and most profitable kind of steel, asked the President for some protective quotas to keep foreign firms from competing with Americans in this rarified sector of the market. The Treasury Department, which clings to the ideals of free enterprise, opposed the quotas. It didn't believe that a little competition would hurt the industry, and it rejected the argument that the foreigners were competing "unfairly." But Ford and the International Trade Commission overruled the Treasury. As a result, "specialty" imports have been kept under a quota system since June. A trade specialist at Treasury said last week, "that was the most protectionist thing we did this year."

Ford has not done anything more to protect American steel companies, though he is being pressed hard. R. Heath Larry, vice chairman of US Steel, asked the President months ago to set up an international agency to watch over and keep "in comparative

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balance" the aggressive tendencies of foreign steelmakers. Ford has not responded—yet. Economists view this as a proposal to create an American-dominated cartel and carve the globe into spheres of influence. It would further reduce competition. Heath Larry disagrees. He warns that the cartel is already being formed abroad, whether we like it or not, and that the United States cannot ignore it. He would like the President to call an international conference of steel producing countries as soon as possible to call off the impending trade war.

Larry cites as evidence the fact that the Japanese and Europeans made a pact last year to keep surplus Japanese steel out of Europe and thus force it into the US market. He quoted the *Japan Economic Journal* of December 1975 for its report that the Japanese "Ministry of International Trade and Industry has approved formation of a cartel proposed by six major steelmakers for voluntarily regulating their exports to the EEC (Common Market). By creating such a cartel . . . the steelmakers intend to set the ceiling of their exports to the EEC nations in calendar 1976 at 1,220,000 tons." The pact is working, Larry says, even though the Japanese are "trying hard to hide it." Larry calls this "unfair competition" and hints that foreigners are fomenting a steel war much as OPEC provoked an oil war.

It is hard to know what to make of these claims. We are skeptical. The White House and the Treasury Department have not taken up Larry's urgent cry. And even US Steel's chairman, Edgar Speer, told *The Wall Street Journal* last week that in the future "imports, as we have known them for the last decade, will decrease rather than increase." According to this report, American steel is "in its strongest financial posture in years." Independent economists who have studied steel—Joel Dirlam (University of Rhode Island), Walter Adams (Michigan State University) and Barry Bosworth (Brookings)—scoff at the notion that US Steel could be beaten down by ruthless foreigners. They see Larry's campaign as an attempt to protect US Steel's high prices and comfortable empire from its only real competition—Japanese, German, Belgian and French steel. Adams said flatly that this is an effort to "revive the interwar steel cartel."

Undaunted, Heath Larry continues to plead for an international steel agency. He says the cartel is coming. Rather than ignore him, we are inclined to listen, if only because he speaks for US Steel. Since OPEC's ascendancy in 1973, we don't want to be caught napping by any combination of producers, foreign or domestic. When the industrial giants gaze into the future and speak of cartels, one should pay attention. Because Jerry Ford is ignoring all of this, we would like to see Congress set up its own special committee to investigate US Steel's prices and its proposal to create what it calls an "orderly international marketing arrangement."

Changing Odds

It may be, as Gene McCarthy put it, that Gerald Ford "was bound to be helped by anyone he picked" for Vice President. But that is not the general impression. Obvious puns are being made: "Ford has put the country on the dole." "He's chosen a pineapple." *The New York Times* was so pleased with "doleful" that the word appeared in headlines over both the lead editorial and James Reston's column across the page. While the columnists are telling us what assets Senator Robert Dole does not bring to the ticket (what more really would Elliot Richardson have brought to it?), they are also beginning to suspect that at the finish in November it's likely to be much closer between Jimmy Carter and Ford than the lopsided polls now indicate. That's not to say the odds have been reversed; they just have been shortened.

We've not been regularly right about what was to happen with the Democrats this year, and therefore we're a bit shy with prophecy. But Seymour Martin Lipset of Stanford has shown—in a shrewd analysis of the opinion surveys that should give Pat Caddell nightmares—how soft or thin (pick your own metaphor) Carter's support may be. The polls Lipset examined were done before the Kansas City convention. At that point, the Republicans had not yet begun to fight, except with each other. But their bloodletting somehow dissolved into amity, and Ford's standing since has been on the upswing. As it was, the Democratic lead seemed quite narrow in the West and Midwest, and not insurmountable in parts of the Northeast. Evidently, there will be more to watch, and more to worry about, than many exiled Democrats already savoring Washington had come to expect. One Georgetown realtor was already pushing prices up in anticipation of the return, as she envisioned it, of "the classy Kennedy types who like quality." The prices might just have to remain at their already adequately inflated levels.

It's not, of course, Dole who precipitated the GOP turnaround. Save for Reagan himself, in fact, it's hard to think of anyone who'd turn off more independents and dissident Democrats than this stealthy fellow, one of Nixon's last and most loyal flaks. But elections aren't decided by running mates anyway, even though Ford will have to answer to the electorate for choosing as his contingent President someone so lacking in credentials of vision and leadership, just the kind of person you wouldn't want in succession. Yet one hardly required this added provocation from Kansas to understand that the country's future needed to be wrested from the Republicans. Carter and the President seem to agree, in any case, that their seconds are to take the low road in the campaign while they do the inspirational stuff. In different ways, they are quite impressive at doing just that; but as a mode of campaigning, it's not going to get

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any of us very far. It's awfully depressing to contemplate a debate between Elmer Gantry and George Babbitt.

So Ford is stuck defending his record, blaming the Democratic Congress for what are mostly his own shortcomings. It's doubtful that even the money the Federal Reserve Bank will start distributing in late September or early October to simulate a boom will persuade many people that their economic futures are secure with the Republicans in power. These days, it's so bad that even the very rich can't be confident about that, though they'll stay with Ford who hasn't done them nearly so much harm (and what he has done is by inadvertence) as Hoover, to whom they clung to the very end. The faithful wealthy aside, the economy is not going to swell the Ford tally. Perhaps Comrade Kim Il Sung will give the President the boost he needs, just possibly at the instance of Moscow or Peking where the Republicans (depending somewhat on the estimates of Kissinger's mortality) are still very much in favor. That could mean a delicate balance of saber-rattling, this side of war.

If, as we argued in the last issue, Jimmy Carter doesn't seem prone to expose foreign policy to a genuinely democratic debate, he'll not be able to evade domestic issues so easily. On these, the middle class and working class hard-core of the Democratic constituency really does know about the realities, living them every day, so that no parade of legal and proffesorial superstars can dazzle them. These issues are, then, the stuff of the Democratic party and its electoral successes: on foreign issues, by way of contrast, the party leaders are barely tolerable even in opposition; in power, they've been a disaster. They can't run against Republicans where their own records are so weak. So Democrats have got to win on what they do *for* the country *in* the country.

It's gratifying to note, therefore, not that Carter's been saying particularly wise or challenging things, but that he's been listening to a decently wide range of interesting and provocative folk, many of them practitioners rather than theorists, only a few of them old Washington hands, most drawn from the margins where they've not been adequately heard. This is largely *grace à* Stuart Eisenstadt in Georgia and Joe Duffey in Washington who seem to have a feel for how to open up to diversity an inbred campaign that had been phobic about ideas and single-minded in style. In the end, of course, it's neither staff nor advisers who make a campaign though they may shape it more than the vice presidential nominee; the campaign *is* the presidential standard-bearer, and it is Jimmy Carter himself who will have to convince the populace that he should be President because of who he is and what he believes, and not simply because Gerald Ford has failed at this and failed at that. The latest of his failures, and possibly the least, was his selection of Robert Dole.

New Republic Futures

■ Contributing editor and psychiatrist **Robert Coles** and his associate **Tom Davey** argue in a forthcoming series of articles from different regions of the country that there is a quiet revival of idealism and activism among America's young. The first article is a vivid report on the work among the poor people of Tennessee now being done by what a local preacher calls a "saving remnant."

■ 1956, just 20 years ago: Khrushchev's speech on the crimes of the Stalin era, Polish October, the Hungarian Revolution. Contributing editor and prize-winning diplomatic correspondent **Tad Szulc** returns to Eastern Europe for a seasoned look at life and politics in the Communist world today. Szulc will file stories from Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania and Hungary, as well as from several countries in Western and Southern Europe.

■ Novelist **John Hersey,** author of *A Bell for Adano, Hiroshima, A Petition for More Space* and many other books, has written a stunningly perceptive and deeply funny homage to **Lillian Hellman.**

■ Historian **J.L. Talmon,** author of *The Rise of Totalitarian Democracy* and *Political Messianism*, in an essay on "the new anti-Semitism," analyzes why the fundamental character of Jewish peoplehood is still under threat today.

■ Contributing editor **Henry Fairlie** offers a critique of the American press for being about as respectful of the right to privacy as the FBI has been. A controversial examination of the ethics of the news media.

Blocking Berman

It has now been half a year since President Ford renominated Ronald Berman as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities. During this time the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, which must confirm the appointment, has taken no action. The committee has been silent because its chairman, Harrison A. Williams of New Jersey, seems to have abdicated his authority and judgment to fellow committee member Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, the villain of the piece. For close to a year Pell has waged an erratic and hyperbolic vendetta against Berman, making ill-conceived demands that NEH

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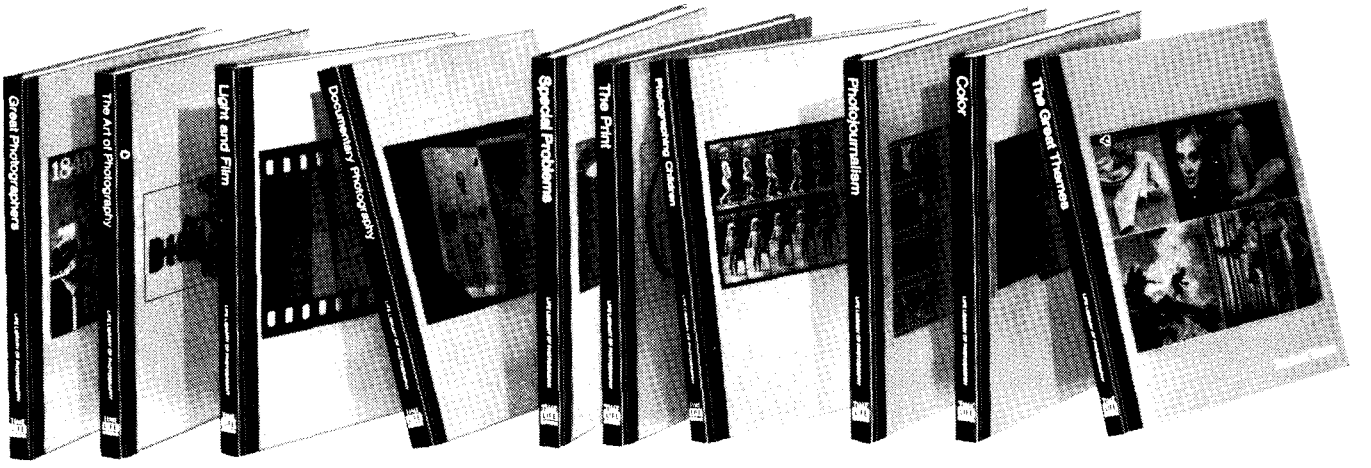

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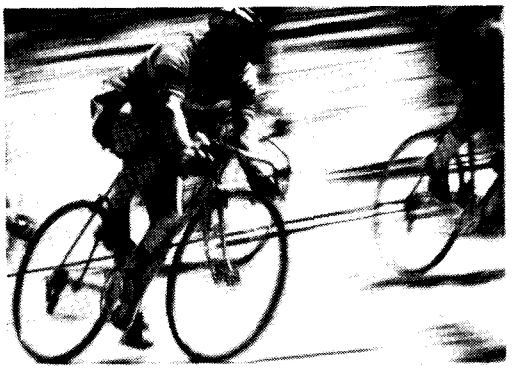

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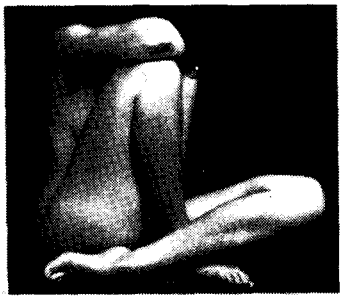

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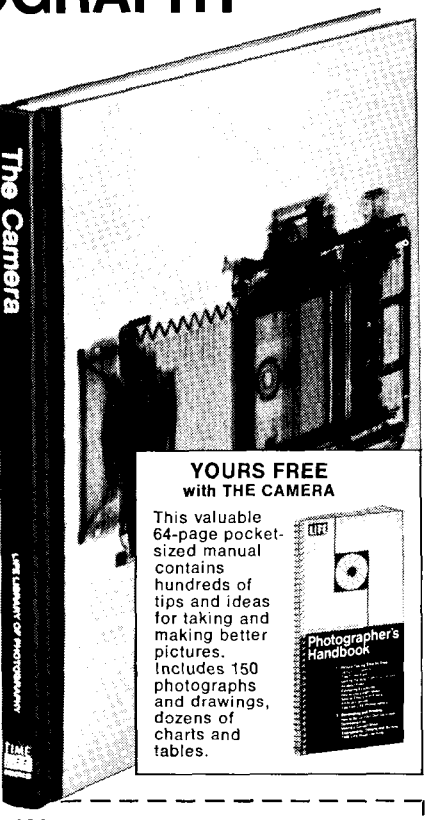

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become a local patronage dispenser, rather than the keeper and patron of standards in humanistic scholarship and mass education that it has been.

In view of Pell's behavior it is astonishing that Williams and the ranking Republican on the committee, Jacob Javits of New York, are playing along with Pell. Indeed, the two of them had pledged to any number of men and women in the universities and public television that they would not countenance Pell's efforts, which would first demoralize and then cripple the Endowment. Berman, a Nixon appointee and a Republican conservative, has been scrupulously fair in the conduct of his office. Liberals, radicals and reactionaries all have found him to be a model of intellectual tolerance, tempered only by his insistence on excellence. As a result, he has widespread support in Congress and elsewhere. Pell appears to have none. And yet it looks as if the unsupported will prevail—because Williams and Javits have allowed senatorial courtesy to supplant senatorial responsibility.

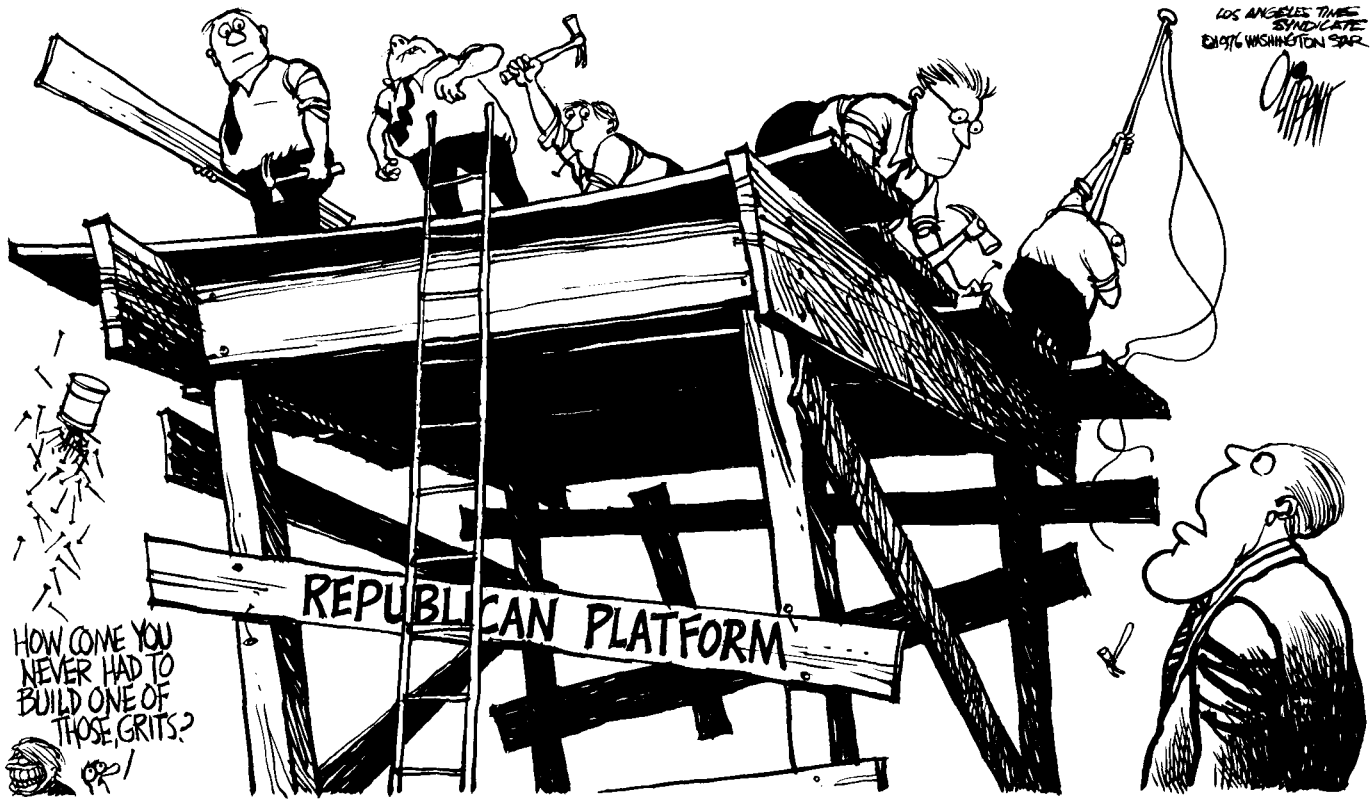
It is widely assumed that, given a chance, the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare would vote overwhelmingly for Berman, and that the whole Senate would follow suit. But Pell's tactic is the familiar congressional one of stringing out the matter, and preventing a vote. Pell's most recent fiction, in which Williams and Javits are now implicated, is that Berman's hearing will take place after a vote on the legislation reauthorizing the agency. But since Pell heads the reauthorizing subcommittee, he can postpone everything indefinitely. All he needs to do is to put off Berman's hearing until after October 1, when all nominations lapse with the adjournment of Congress. And that's exactly what he seems to be planning.

The committee should give Berman the hearing he deserves. Is it too much to expect that Williams and Javits be responsive to justice in this matter and not to the aberrations of the Senate club?

Who's Got the Platform?
Reagan, That's Who

A week after the Republican convention, I thought I'd read the party's platform. I knew that no one takes such things seriously, but assumed that the Republican National Committee and the President Ford Committee would at least pretend to. I was wrong. Ronald Reagan seems to have taken the party's only correct copy home with him to California.

Phoning the Republican National Committee, I was connected with Publications, and someone there explained she had received hundreds of calls, but the platform had not been printed yet. She offered to take my name and put it on a *mailing list* and in two weeks she'd mail me one. At this point, I revealed that I am no mere citizen, but a member of the press! Perhaps ordinary folks might have to wait more than two weeks, but for a member of the Fourth Estate? She said the only accurate copy at the headquarters of the Republican party was in *Congressional Quarterly*. Full of hope, I suggested that she xerox a copy and send that. "I shouldn't do it," she said—Republican to the core—fearful that by reproducing her party's own platform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REPUBLICAN PLATFORM
HOW COME YOU NEVER HAD TO BUILD ONE OF THOSE, GRITS?

"Never mind building it solid—*just build it* safe!"

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she might be infringing on *CQ*'s copyright. "I know you *shouldn't*," I said, humoring her, "but *would* you?" She wouldn't.

Remembering CREEP and four years ago when no one would tell Bob Dole anything, I called the Ford for President headquarters. The Press Office had no copy available, but maybe Research might have one. At Research, Ralph Stanley said, "We don't even *have* a copy," explaining that platforms are the responsibility of the Republican National Committee, not the President Ford Committee.

Back at the RNC, I asked for Press, which is called Communications. Barbara Chaisson, an administrative assistant, explained that because of the federal campaign law, the RNC couldn't coordinate the convention and that a separate Media Operation headed by Mike Miller of the public relations firm of Wanger and Baroody had been set up. She said that it would be useless to dial the Kansas City number, (816) GOP-1976, "because Miller is dismantling the office and everything is en route from Kansas City." Incorrect platforms, sent after the Convention approved the final version, "are due any day now." She explained that they got held up in the mail. Presumably, a correct version will be printed when Ronald Reagan's phone number is found or when *Congressional Quarterly* gives permission.

Joel Solkoff

A Symbol and a Cause

Moynihan's Candidacy

by Dorothy Rabinowitz

One had occasion in recent weeks to think again on Daniel Patrick Moynihan's remarkable performance as UN ambassador. That occasion was provided by the action of Lawrence H. Silberman, US ambassador to Yugoslavia, who earned the disapproval of certain of his fellow diplomats at the East European desk of the State Department for the vigor with which he pursued the case of Lazlo Toth, a naturalized American citizen held in jail for a year by the Yugoslavs on contrived charges that he was a spy. When Mr. Toth was released, it was revealed that the ambassador whose insistence on pressing the case had brought it to its happy conclusion was now to be the object of criticism by fellow diplomats at the East European desk, some of whom asked that he be reprimanded for undiplomatic conduct. In the course of his pursuit of the Toth case, Ambassador Silberman had gone so far as to refer to it in a speech before the joint Yugoslav-American chamber of commerce, an instance of willingness to mention the unmentionable that alarmed those of Mr. Silberman's colleagues by now long habituated to the prevailing belief of diplomats in the democracies that silence in the face of affront is diplomacy in action.

The charges of "undiplomatic behavior" directed at Ambassador Silberman for his breaches of orthodoxy in Mr. Toth's behalf are precisely the sort directed at Moynihan when it became clear that, as UN ambassador, he would not be deterred from calling attention to the corrupt behavior of the totalitarian majority. Unmindful of the chastising murmurs from fellow diplomats, State Department sources and their editorial admirers, Moynihan persisted, eschewing the torturous indirections and circumlocutions—those diplomatic equivalents of taking a firm stand that are resorted to *in extremis* when the strategy of silence is finally insufficient—and proceeded to call tyrannies by their right name. The results are by now well known to history. Moynihan's position as UN ambassador became untenable, the chorus of disapprobation having grown frantic, if expertly orchestrated by Henry Kissinger, whose displeasure with Moynihan was not connected with the fact that the ambassador had stirred the hearts of Americans as no American diplomat had for many years, and in so doing had become a hero. Americans had heard spoken aloud by Daniel Patrick Moynihan that which they had known in their hearts to be true all along. Indeed, as the volume of mail that poured into the US ambassador's office at the UN told, Moynihan's representations in the Security Council

Dorothy Rabinowitz, who writes widely on politics, is the author of *New Lives* (Knopf), to be published this fall. This is the last of three articles on the New York Democratic primary, having been preceded by an analysis of the race by Ken Bode and a profile of Bella Abzug by Judith Martin.

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had evoked from the public that peculiar outpouring that tells a nerve has been struck.

Such was the exhilarating effect on Americans of Moynihan's presence in theUN that the State Department sources and the various editorialists who had labored mightily in the cause of hastening Moynihan's departure lost no time in asserting, when the day came, that his successor should continue the basic Moynihan challenge in the United Nations. What was hoped for in a new ambassador was not a change of substance but of "style"—as though the two things were not inextricably bound.

How it came about it is hard to say but came about it did that Americans, not a fearful people historically, have come to be represented in the world by policies based on—there is no other word for it—fear. Not the understanding of smaller nations, not the requirements of coexistence, but fear has been at the heart of our diplomacy for long years now; the fear, remarkable in itself, that our avowed enemies might take affront. Indeed nowhere was this more evident than in the anxiety, expressed by a member of the US delegation during Moynihan's tenure, that a strong US response to a particularly virulent assault by the Russians might make the Russians angry.

A London *Times* columnist observed, in the course of describing the argument over Moynihan, that our future rested on the debate "between those who think that freedom should do nothing to provoke the hostility of its enemies and those who think that freedom is everywhere on the retreat precisely because that attitude has been dominant for so long . . . Mr. Moynihan has begun to sound the trumpet to end the long retreat; it sounds sweet in my ears and I suspect that it may awaken echoes long silent in the minds of many who have almost ceased to hope."

Still, in the face of this hope, one has only to consider the pronouncements of British diplomats about the United Kingdom's recent decision to sever diplomatic relations with Uganda to know how deeply rooted is the passivity afflicting spokesmen for the democracies. When relations were broken off British spokesmen announced that the decision was not taken for moral reasons and—so it was reported by *The New York Times*—"Mr. Crosland carefully avoided any specific criticism of the Amin regime."

Such scrupulous effort to avoid any hint of moral judgment ought not now to be surprising. One recalls the stern harumphings of Yvor Richards, British ambassador to the UN, after Moynihan had had the temerity to call Amin a racist murderer, the grounds for which charge were amply evident long before Entebbe. Still it is worth noting, for it is in the light of such sustained poverty of moral response on the part of the Western democracies that one understands the force of Moynihan's impact in the United Nations: why he seemed then to so many and stills seems to be no ordinary politician so much as a symbol and a cause, the embodiment of an eloquent moral assertiveness so long missing in our public speech and the conduct of foreign relations, that Americans might well see Moynihan as some sort of new and extraordinary animal. In truth Moynihan's behavior at the UN was in an old and honored tradition, he comported himself there precisely as statesmen of less mealy-mouthed ages than our own have invariably done. Doubtless Winston Churchill would not have thought it disturbing or undiplomatic in the US ambassador, that he took note of an enemy's enmity, that he brooked no threats, and that he resisted confusing the requirements of fear with those of coexistence.

All this is background to Moynihan's candidacy in New York for the US Senate. For, whatever the tone of the Democratic primary and the Senate race itself, there is little Moynihan can say on requisite down-to-earth subjects such as the New York state economy—crucial as that is—that can divert attention from his original status as a symbol. Indeed, so powerful a hold does that symbolic status have on the minds of Americans that, were it not for the vocal activities of the cabal set against his candidacy, Moynihan's remarkable career as a practical innovator of social programs might well be overshadowed by it. As to the charges put forth by those critics of Moynihan, it is by now wearying to repeat the dismal litany: that the Moynihan report on the Negro family in 1965 was "racist"; that his "benign neglect" memorandum in 1970 argued for a retreat from civil rights activism. These allegations are now on their way to being put firmly to rest by the efforts of blacks, among others who know they are false. Clearly, however, abhorrence of the blatantly untrue does not extend to Moynihan's enemies on the fashionable left, those progressives writing in the pages of *The New York Post* and *The Village Voice* and their allies, to whom Moynihan's real affront was that he dared to assert the health of American democracy, and compared it favorably to the "socialist" Third World and Soviet systems.

For those to whom it is always two minutes to midnight for American democracy, those who cling to the idea of the inherent moral superiority of the Communist world, despite every evidence available to them to the contrary, Moynihan is anathema. That, as a Democrat he worked for Richard Nixon (as well as three other American Presidents) agreeing, when called upon, to serve the only President America had at the time, is another sort of offense; but it is the first that is central, that will always fuel enmity toward the Moynihans of the world, deference to Soviet and Third World revolutionary socialism being, as it is, a terminal illness.

Not surprisingly, a recently published assault on Moynihan took note of the fact that, when Henry Kissinger told Gerald Ford not to attend an AFL-CIO banquet at which Solzhenitsyn was to speak, and

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further barred all State Department officials from attending, Moynihan was not deterred from going and sitting at the head table. This willingness on Moynihan's part to hear Solzhenitsyn and associate himself with the banquet honoring him was, rather than a cause for pride (which is the way many Americans would have viewed the gesture), only another proof to those hostile to Moynihan, that he was of the enemy camp; of the camp, indeed, of Solzhenitsyn, who told the gathering that night that there is evil in the Soviet Union that the free world must stand up to. Not surprising that Timothy Crouse, writing in *Rolling Stone*, should dismiss the speech as "the Solzhenitsyn diatribe," and "the Solzhenitsyn Line," for surely if Moynihan is a threat to the political school I have described, Solzhenitsyn is its arch-demon. Whatever the results of the primary race, of this one can be certain: that it will be the Moynihan of the United Nations, the symbol, that will bring the voters of New York to the polls September 14.

White House Watch

Why Dole

by John Osborne

Kansas City

Gerald Ford's choice of Senator Robert Dole of Kansas to be the Republican candidate for the vice presidency and the circumstances that led to the choice told a great deal about the President, about the Republican party as it was reflected at this convention, and about the nature and limits of the power that Ronald Reagan and Reagan Republicans exerted here.

None of the explanations of the choice that I have read and heard go to the central cause. The central cause was Mr. Ford's deeply personal need for success in Kansas City. His defeat of Ronald Reagan for the presidential nomination by 57 more votes than the necessary minimum of 1130 provided only the beginning, and a marred beginning at that, of the success that was so essential to him and to his confidence in himself. A rejection of his choice for the vice presidency or substantial opposition to it would have demolished the flimsy triumph of his own nomination with a nigh unbearable humiliation, not to mention the certainty that it would have eliminated whatever chance there was that the Ford ticket might prevail over the Carter ticket on November 2.

There is a factual basis for the foregoing analysis, which amounts to an argument that personal victory and vindication in Kansas City were more important to Mr. Ford than Republican victory in the general election. At an airport campaign stop in Michigan, soon after the President won the New Hampshire Republican primary with a majority of less than one percent, White House Counsellor John Marsh, one of Mr. Ford's staff politicians, urged me to note and remember something Mr. Ford had said at a rally that morning. He had said in a tone of immense pride that the New Hampshire result proved for the first time that he could win an election somewhere other than in his home city and congressional district of Grand Rapids. Marsh said then, and others on the Ford staff said later, that the thin win in New Hampshire did wonders for the President's confidence. This was a way of saying, though none of his people put it so explicitly, that Gerald Ford was troubled, as many others were, by a nagging awareness that he had never proved himself as a candidate for national or even state-wide office. His need to do so was surely among the factors, along with the magic of the office to which he had risen by default, that drove him to renege on a promise he made when he was up for confirmation as the nation's first appointed Vice President. He promised never to seek election to the presidency. In the primary and pre-convention season, nomination was the goal and the test of success or failure, and Mr. Ford went after it with a single-minded concentration that bothered some of his advisers. Melvin Laird, for one, maintained to reporters and presumably to the President that Mr. Ford ought to campaign always as if he were running for the presidency and regard the nomination as an essential but nevertheless secondary way-stop. Instead, he let Ronald Reagan goad and frighten him into petty epithets and retorts that demeaned his office and did him no good. Mr. Ford took the advice eventually, but not before the departure from his normally even campaign style demonstrated the peculiarly personal

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importance that winning the nomination had for him and the panicky alarm that any threat to the winning of it aroused in him.

It of course was the presence and power of Ronald Reagan and his followers, who mustered close to half of the 2259 delegate votes that haunted and harassed the President. The Reagan forces lacked the votes to prevail on gut issues, including the nomination of their man. But their hard, unqualified ideological conservatism, going in many instances beyond the philosophy exemplified by Reagan, appealed to a sufficient proportion of delegates who were formally committed to Ford to make "the Reagan vote" a real and continuous threat. In this sense it may be said that at the final showdown over the vice presidential nomination Reagan was in a position to "veto" the President's choice of anyone other than himself or someone he approved. Questions put by reporters to White House staff chief Richard Cheney and other Ford spokesmen after the choice of Dole was announced indicated a suspicion that Reagan had done exactly this. The answer was always that he had not and it was technically correct. The process that finally led to the choice and acceptance of Senator Dole involved much more than the vice presidential issue. It cut across the spectrum of convention concerns.

The most revealing part of the process was the disposal of dispute over what to put in and exclude from the foreign policy and national security section of the Republican platform. Two interested parties, Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter, later exaggerated and distorted the outcome of these disputes. In a TV interview broadcast from his convention box on the night of Dole's nomination and of the Dole and Ford acceptance speeches, and then in a soupy appearance at the President's invitation with Ford and Dole on the rostrum, Reagan spoke of the platform as if it were his own and as if at his instance it constituted a clarion call to battle between the forces of freedom and the forces of tyranny. Carter said at a press conference in Plains that every dispute over the Republican platform resulted in a triumph for Reagan. The implication was that the finished document was a compendium of Reagan reaction. What actually happened was more subtle and more interesting than either Reagan or Carter suggested.

The platform negotiations generally and the foreign policy negotiations in particular continued the quiet collaboration between the Ford and Reagan high commands that was described in my last report. Martin Anderson, acting for Reagan at the senior staff level, and Ford assistant Mike Raoul-Duval (Mike Duval for short) engineered a series of accommodations that enabled each faction to emerge with pride intact and with a prospect of at least minimal party unity in the election campaign.

Two examples will suffice. Reagan extremists proposed a plank that would have repudiated the Ford administration's efforts—efforts that were begun under Lyndon Johnson in 1964—to negotiate a decent relinquishment of sovereignty over the Panama Canal Zone to the Republic of Panama. The purpose is to remove a potential source of murderous friction between the US and all of Latin America while protecting fundamental US interests in the canal and preserving effective US control of it. Administration advocates in the foreign policy subcommittee and in the main platform committee proposed and the Reagan command persuaded Reagan kooks to accept a compromise that beefs up the assertion of American determination with half-a-dozen superfluous verbs and catered to Reaganite chauvinism without repudiating Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger.

The second example concerns the opening to Communist China that Richard Nixon and Kissinger achieved in 1972 and that both Reagan and Jimmy Carter have praised. Since Kissinger disclosed the agreement to work toward "normalization" of relations between the US and mainland China, in the Shanghai Communiqué of February 1972, neither he nor any other responsible US spokesman has tried to minimize or conceal the certainty that the establishment of full diplomatic relations with the Peking government would require an end of formal diplomatic relations with the "Republic of China" on Taiwan. The initial hope at the State Department that it might be possible to retain the mutual defense treaty that Dwight D. Eisenhower and Chiang Kai-shek agreed upon in the 1950s and still normalize diplomatic relations with Peking has waned. But it remains a bare possibility and it was in this dimming hope that the Ford negotiators in Kansas City, necessarily with the assent of the President and Kissinger, accepted Reaganite platform language that seemed to commit a Republican President to retention at any cost of the pledge to defend Taiwan against Communist Chinese attack. Two factors diminished the appearance of concession to the Reagan view. Language insisting upon retention of diplomatic relations with Taiwan—a condition that Peking would never accept—was dropped from the amended plank. It may also be argued, with some stretching of the adopted language, that the China passage promises only adherence to the mutual defense treaty while it is in effect and does not advocate indefinite maintenance of the treaty.

The collaboration was widely thought to have collapsed, but did not, with the submission of Reagan's "morality in foreign policy" amendment to the prologue—*not to the substance*— of the foreign policy and national security section. Reagan asked the convention to adopt it as "a clear, forthright expression of principles America must live by" and used it mightily to further the impression that in the end the platform was more his than Gerald Ford's. Because it indeed shook up the Ford forces and also because it would be

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remembered as a diabolically clever example of Reaganist distortion, the plank's core lines are quoted here: "The goal of Republican foreign policy is the achievement of liberty under law and a just and lasting peace in the world. . .We recognize and commend that great beacon of human courage and morality, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, for his compelling message that we must face the world with no illusions about the nature of tyranny. . .In pursuing *détente* we must not grant unilateral favors with only the hope of getting future favors in return. Agreements that are negotiated, such as the one signed in Helsinki, must not take from those who do not have freedom the hope of one day getting it. Finally, we are firmly committed to a foreign policy in which secret agreements, hidden from our people, will have no part."

Commentators rightly interpreted the Reagan amendment as an attack upon key elements of Ford-Kissinger policy and the conduct of that policy. The targets ranged from the President's failure to invite Solzhenitsyn to the White House last year to the notion that agreements negotiated in secret are by definition "secret agreements." As Ronald Reagan has acknowledged, but usually neglects to say, secrecy during negotiations is essential for the development of useful agreements, and in any case they become public when they are completed. How then could the Ford decision to accept inclusion of the Reagan language without resistance be anything but an outright surrender to Reagan? The answer was so simple that it was all but universally overlooked. Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina, a fervent North Carolina professor named John East, Congressman Philip Crane of Illinois and numerous other Reagan kooks had concocted no less than 22 platform amendments that would have explicitly and totally repudiated every major aspect of Ford-Kissinger—which is to say Republican administration—foreign policy. Although these kookeries never got beyond furtive handouts to reporters, many of the proposals would have been adopted if they had been submitted to the convention. It must be concluded that Helms, East, Crane and associated knuckleheads got orders from Reagan to stop their dangerous nonsense and settle for the indictment by implication that he and his people had embodied in his morality sermon.

Acceptance of the Reagan plank came hard to Mr. Ford and his advisers. The President, reacting initially on the basis of what he was told about it, rejected it out of hand. When he read the language he saw that it implied much, said very little, and specifically attacked nothing. Henry Kissinger and Brent Scowcroft, the President's assistant for national security affairs, sent word from Washington to Kansas City that the Reagan amendment was outrageous and must be rejected. In Kansas City Vice President Rockefeller took the same view until the President brought him around to a more relaxed position.

On the night that the Reagan proposal was submitted to the convention, the Ford forces narrowly defeated a procedural amendment—the primary test of Reagan's strength—that would have required Mr. Ford to name his choice for the vice presidency before the convention nominated its candidate for President. While this amendment was debated and voted upon, a group of Ford advisers met in the Skylight Lounge, a secluded eyrie atop the huge Kemper Auditorium where the convention did its business and perpetrated the traditional inanities. Mike Duval periodically reported the group's deliberations to Richard Cheney and, through him, to the President at the Crown Center Hotel. The President had agreed before the meeting that a decision about the Reagan plank should be deferred until the procedural amendment was voted up or down. Had the convention required the President to name his vice presidential choice before he wanted to, he and his advisers in the Skylight Lounge almost certainly would have decided to force the Reagan plank to a vote in the forlorn hope that the result would offset the humiliation of defeat on the procedural issue. The Skylight group included Senators John Tower of Texas, Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, and the President's convention floor manager, Sen. Robert Griffin of Michigan. Two former White House assistants who were in Kansas City as unofficial advisers, Bryce Harlow and Dean Burch, and the President's chief delegate hunter and counter, James Baker, also participated.

What made this occasion worth recording were the tenor of the deliberations and the role of Nelson Rockefeller. One of the problems with the Reagan amendment was the realization that speakers against it would have to say that its pious generalizations concealed denunciations of Kissinger's secrecy, of the Helsinki agreement, and of Ford-Kissinger dealings with the Soviet Union. Inasmuch as administration spokesmen were berating the press for interpreting the Reagan amendment in just this way, making the same argument as a reason for voting against it would have been embarrassing and probably futile.

A summons of Rockefeller to the meeting midway in the deliberations coincided with an imbroglio on the convention floor. Without getting into the details of that murky episode, it's enough to say that an angry Reagan delegate ripped out one of the New York delegation's floor telephones just as Duval was trying to get word to Rockefeller to come up to the lounge. When he was finally reached through an alternate line and departed in response to Duval's summons, he appeared to reporters and to millions watching on TV to have been ejected as a result of the telephone fracas. James M. Perry wrote in *The National Observer* that "people have been tossed out of saloons in downtown Utica, New York, with more style."

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Soon after Rockefeller arrived in the Skylight Lounge, the procedural amendment was defeated. Duval reported to Cheney, and Cheney reported to the President, the consensus that there was no point in rubbing Reagan noses in the dirt and, furthermore, that the implied criticism in the Reagan morality plank was not worth another floor fight. Mr. Ford called Rockefeller to the phone and dictated a statement to him. His gist was that the Reagan plank merely stated the bases of administration policy and therefore was acceptable. Mr. Ford instructed Rockefeller to have Senator Roman Hruska, who was on the convention rostrum, to read the statement to the delegates. Hruska did and the Reagan amendment was adopted by voice vote.

What did all that have to do with the selection of Robert Dole? The answer is that it had everything to do with the selection. Had the recommendation of the Skylight Lounge advisers and the decision of the President been to force the morality plank to a floor vote, it would have been an act of desperation. It would have been an act undertaken with the fear that Reagan's strength and the manifest hunger of many Ford delegates for the sort of bold and simplistic assertion of national purpose and pride that Reagan offered would have brought a defeat that could affect the nomination vote.

The Ford performance throughout the platform and rules exercises was conditioned by fears of that sort, and the fears persisted after the President was nominated. After Mr. Ford announced his choice of Senator Dole, several reasons for it were advanced: Bob Dole is witty, he's a campaign slasher, he's from a corn-belt state and popular with farmers who still resent the temporary Ford embargo on grain sales to the Soviet Union last year. None of these reasons is good enough to explain the rejection of such possibilities as John Connally, Sen. Howard Baker of Tennessee, Elliot Richardson and William Ruckelshaus. A *New York Times* reporter who interviewed Reagan after it was all over wrote that Reagan had indicated a preference for Dole in a talk with the President. According to Richard Cheney, the President first indicated *his* preference for Dole after that talk. It was not, I'm sure, that the President let Ronald Reagan dictate the choice or veto some other choice in any explicit way. It was simply that there would be no risk of trouble at the convention from restive Reagan delegates, trouble that could impair or even wreck the impression of success in Kansas City, if Reagan had approved of the choice. It wasn't much of a reason for the choice. But then Robert Dole is not much of a candidate for the vice presidency.

If Ford Takes the Offensive

Closing the Carter Gap

by Ken Bode

Wall Street apparently doesn't like the vice presidential candidates of either party. The day Jimmy Carter announced his running mate, stocks fell, and when President Ford named Robert Dole, the Dow Jones index took its sharpest dive in three months. Wall Street does not actually object to Dole; on the contrary. But his designation, in the eyes of the professionally wary, increased the likelihood that Jimmy Carter will be starting his first term next January and a few of them decided to sell for what they could get right now. There wasn't much more optimism in Kansas City. Even before the convention opened *The Washington Post* sampled delegate opinion and found that most believed they were engaged in a fruitless exercise, that whoever won the nomination would most likely lose in November. The two statistics trotted out most often by the press throughout that four-day gathering were 33 percent (by which Reagan and Ford trailed Jimmy Carter in the polls at the convention's opening) and 18-22 percent (the proportion of the American electorate allegedly still willing to call itself Republican when the pollsters inquire). That no interviewer or network floor reporter was popped in the nose for sticking a microphone in a delegate's face and asking how the GOP could possibly hope to win in the face of those odds prove that the GOP (with the possible exception of Nelson Rockefeller, who still won't tolerate unfriendly signs waved in his face) is still the party of forebearance.

On the whole, the Republicans held a convention of

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some accomplishment in Kansas City; they had more to do than the Democrats, and for the most part they did it better. There was, despite the pessimism, a spirited contest that made one almost believe that the nomination was worth winning. They minimized the ideological factionalism and bad humor that characterized their convention in 1964; they acknowledged Watergate but declined to accept it as a partisan albatross, and, when the votes were all in, the two principal competitors managed to convey the impression that they are ready to paper over their differences. In return for their efforts, they were rewarded with some rather bitchy journalism. Press accounts of the convention closing depicted delegates as unreconciled, dispirited, pessimistic and the party as a hopeless case, unsalvagable. The instant object of some of that commentary was Robert Dole, a resourceful fellow who actually can be wedged into the tiny ideological space between Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan, in a position that makes all three comfortable. The first wave of press on Dole was far less favorable than what greeted Jimmy Carter's choice of Walter Mondale; Ford's number-two man was headlined in *The Wall Street Journal* as a "hit man," and characterized by *The Washington Post*'s David Broder as the "Kansas City cut and slice specialist," the practitioner of a "slashing style of assault." Whatever the press thinks, Dole on the ticket solves what Gerald Ford apparently considered his first problem for the general election—mollifying the party's right wing. The choice of Dole is tacit recognition of the relative strength of the two factions of the Republican party; Ronald Reagan lost, but he dictated the terms of the truce. In pursuit of this nomination, Gerald Ford has thrown a series of symbolic bodies off the sled—Nelson Rockefeller, then détente and, at the 11th hour, Henry Kissinger—all so as to curb the appetite of the only pack of wolves on his trail up to now. Those of the ilk of North Carolina Sen. Jesse Helms are still not satisfied, of course—their litmus paper turns bluer than Ronald Reagan's—and there is no gainsaying that the ideological fiber of the right is far superior to anything Republican moderates have to offer. Even in return for a promise of the vice presidency, Helms would go back to North Carolina and resume distilling the conservative essence into three-minute television commentaries for delivery between the local news and the late show before undertaking the embarrassing ritual of self-denial engaged in by Richard Schweiker during the past month or so.

With Reagan there to raise his right hand, and with Dole on the ticket, Ford leaves the GOP with little to rail against except Carter. In the process, however, in his attempt to divorce himself from his own foreign policy, for example, Ford has diminished his own presidency and the incumbency he must capitalize on to win in November. The greatest electoral asset of the past two Republican Presidents has been their conduct of foreign affairs. In moving to head off the Reagan threat, Ford has steadily devalued that coin.

The selection of Robert Dole is also taken as the first indication of the President's general election strategy. Dole, it is universally believed, is in the Republican vice presidential tradition of Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew, picked to use his finely-honed rhetoric for goading Jimmy Carter into the mistakes everyone

The Continuing Adventures of Jerry in Electionland—Chapter Two

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assumes he must make if this country's minority party is to have any chance at all to retain influence in government at the federal level. With Dole on the low road, Gerald Ford will be free to remain above the fray, to be presidential and to campaign from the Oval Office in the all too familiar manner of the Richard Nixon of 1972. It is a tested prescription, of course, but as a come-from-behind strategy it won't work. If Ford really means to hang around the White House and leave the road show to his vice presidential nominee, he is leading from his own weakness, signing up for the same cautious and essentially defensive strategy with the help of which he barely captured the nomination from his party's right wing.

Ford begins this campaign against Jimmy Carter with one foot still in the hole dug for him by the true believers, an underdog incumbent from the outset, stuck in a reactive posture for at least half of his short two-year tenure in office. If indeed the President's managers allow Dole to carry the Republican message on the hustings this fall, there will be nothing left of Gerald Ford's incumbency by election day; he will be an artificial President.

If, on the other hand, the selection of Dole can be read as merely one final indication that the President recognized the need to get out of Kansas City with the party intact, portents might improve for the Republican party. It is possible that with the convention and Ronald Reagan behind him, the initiative now passes to Gerald Ford for the first time since the announcement that Nelson Rockefeller would not be a candidate to succeed himself. Perhaps the clearest indication of Gerald Ford's intentions can be read from his unprecedented issuance of a challenge to debate Jimmy Carter. That, as a sign of a more aggressive general-election strategy, represents Gerald Ford's other option. To run as what he is—a decent, honest, hardworking, well-meaning, underdog incumbent, a President who came to the job without seeking it, and has begun to dig his country out of an economic and moral mess not of his own making, a chief executive who has made a beginning that, while not distinguished, is clear in its outlines and has been accomplished with very little cooperation from a Congress overwhelmingly dominated by the opposition—to run, in short, as the man he much admires, Harry Truman, did in 1948, the ordinary guy who is obviously trying hard to do what is right and fighting like hell to hang onto his job at the same time. While he was under siege within his own party, Ford's managers eschewed this posture in favor of one designed to preserve the ultimate unity of a ravaged minority party. And if Richard Viguerie, Howard Phillips, Jesse Helms and their band of to-the-rear marching followers still believe their claim to the Republican future lies in running an independent candidate to the right of Ford-Dole in this election, so be it. Truman fought his way back from a deficit in the polls about as large as Ford now faces, with Henry Wallace's Progressives and Strom Thurmond's Dixiecrats draining off votes from him left and right. Nor has there ever been a better time to be in the posture that Gerald Ford now finds himself than in post-Vietnam, post-Watergate America when voters are more detached from political parties and disillusioned about the political process than at any time since partisan alliances took on their current configura-

MR. CARTER, APART FROM THAT ONE UNMENTIONABLE THING WHICH YOU SAY YOU NEVER WILL BRING UP IN YOUR CAMPAIGN, WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER MR. FORD'S GREATEST POLITICAL WEAKNESS TO BE?
PARDON?
YOU TELL 'EM, J.C.
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tion in the Great Depression.

The graphic issues in this election of 1976 will be jobs, prices, maybe Korea, the Middle East and détente. But the main overriding theme will be the responsibility to govern and the character of the man in whom the voters repose power. Ford is a known quantity; that is his strongest point and Jimmy Carter's weakest. Stated another way: if Jimmy Carter came to power with an electoral mandate remotely resembling the size of his lead in the current Gallup and Harris pairings, no one has any idea what he would do with it. The larger the margin, the greater the mystery.

From the evidence of the recent past, it seems that Americans prefer to divide responsibility between the two parties, and the Democrats now have a lead in both houses of Congress from which they probably cannot be dislodged in this election. President Ford can be expected to mention that fact from time to time in the weeks ahead, perhaps each time he talks of his 55 vetoes, though it's hard to see how the politics of impasse can be read as a virtue. With Ford, and not just Dole, on the offensive, there is reason to assume that the gap which the Gallup poll now says has been narrowed to 10 points will be shaved further still, and this election will look much closer in late October than it did in August.

Why a Majority Hasn't Emerged

The Mobile Home of Republicanism

by Henry Fairlie

If the liberal Republicans have been unable to make a "home" for their party in the East, in the sense that *Fortune* sighed in 1937 that the Democrats had always had one from which to rebuild in defeat, a similar criticism can be made of their conservative critics. No less interested an advocate of a "Southern strategy" than John Tower this year has said that, during his campaign for the nomination, Reagan always seemed to think that he could go on and win the election without carrying for his party the six most populous states in the Union.

One sometimes has the feeling that the "home" from which the conservatives hope to win an election is really a mobile home, that moves from parts of the Midwest, down through the mountain states, across the desert to California, and then—whoosh!—through the "Sun Belt" to Florida. Whether in 1964 or today, one cannot help wondering if any conservative Republican ever has a map of the Electoral College in his pocket or his head. At the national convention this year nothing was more noticeable than the tiny proportion of delegate votes which Reagan was able to attract from both the Northeast and the Midwest.

One of the weaknesses of the conservative position is that it rests on the belief that there are unnumbered—but enough—conservative voters "out there" who are just waiting to vote if they are given what Goldwater called an "alternative." But this is untrue. Every election study and statistic emphasizes that it is the Republicans—and especially the conservatives—who are most likely to go to the polls. They are better educated, have more time, can get to the polling places more easily, and are better organized; and anyhow it is a truth not very difficult to understand that those who have something to defend are more likely to vote than those who only hope for what they have not got.

But even more interesting is that, as the conservative Republican gets more used to capturing or influencing the presidential nomination of his party, he becomes as ingenious, and seems as plausible, as the liberal Republicans in proving that the Republican party now has a "home." He takes his slide rule to measure demographic shifts from one region to another; he computes the rise in income of groups and classes; and from such elaborate calculations he and the liberal Republican have produced their prognostications of an "emerging Republican majority." But somehow these never really translate into convincing evidence in the Electoral College that the Republicans have replaced the Democrats as the normal majority party.

One is not saying that the Republican party is unable to win, or even that it cannot win this year; but that it still seems able to win only when someone or something else does the trick for it. In 1952 and again in

This is the third in a series of four articles on the Republican party.

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1956, it had a general as a figurehead, who consistently ran ahead of the party he was leading. Not only in 1968 but again in 1972, GOP majorities were much more fragile than might have been expected in the circumstances. Nixon barely won in 1968, when the Democrats were in disarray; and although he had a landslide in the Electoral College in 1972, when everything was going for him, the Republican party as such had no reason to be happy, either with the number of abstentions, or with the results of the congressional elections.

Let us take three areas in which the "emerging Republican majority" was supposed to find its "home," beginning with the South. When the Republicans began to get excited about a "Southern strategy" in the 1960s, they were really devising one for the time of the Dixiecrat rebellion in 1948. They saw that the South was changing—otherwise how could they expect it to go Republican—but not how it was changing. To this moment, they probably have no idea why one of Jimmy Carter's advisers has been able to say of the South this year: "Jimmy has the blacks, he has the farmers, he has the rednecks: who else is there?" Like all such illuminating political remarks, there is exaggeration in this. But one can hear the Republicans stuttering: "Well, there are all those 'new' Southerners, in the 'new' middle class, in the 'new' industries, in the 'new' cities, in the 'new' suburbs, and we were going to join them to the rednecks and the Wallace constituency, and everyone who is fed up with the Feds." But after almost 20 years in which the Democratic party has been disrupted in the South, and although its hold on the South is looser than before, things have not happened as planned.

On November 26, 1951, Winthrop Aldrich—one of the "Eastern Establishment" leaders who was trying to persuade Eisenhower to run for the nomination—wrote to the general that Governor Allan Shivers, a Texas Democrat, had confided to him that Eisenhower's nomination would provide "a very good chance of bringing the Southern Democrats and the Northern Republicans together in some permanent manner." Eisenhower did quite well in the South in 1952—but primarily by carrying the upper-income precincts in the cities—and he did very well in 1956, when even the blacks left the Democratic party in substantial numbers, largely on the issue of civil rights, as it was summed up in the slogan, "A vote for the Democrats is a vote for Eastland."

It was after this election that the Republican party formed a Southern division under Lee Potter, who had some success, but achieved no obvious breakthrough for the Republicans. Richard H. Rovere noticed very early the strategy they had chosen: "Winning back the Negroes [in the North] would mean forfeiting much of what the Republicans had gained in the South . . . [party managers] were more disposed toward strengthening their present alliance with conservative Southerners than toward reviving the old one with Northern Negroes." But as the great push for civil (and especially voting) rights began in the 1960s, under two Democratic administrations, it was not only the Northern blacks whom the Republicans had forfeited, but the Southern blacks as well.

This was one of the most profound political errors ever committed by a great party, and one that we can be sure a Theodore Roosevelt would not have made. But what of the disaffected white Southerners; couldn't the Republicans attract and hold them in sufficient numbers? "The alienation of the South from Lyndon Johnson and the national Democratic party was complete by 1964," said Stewart Alsop in 1967. But that was not true, not even of 1964. "The Southern strategy presupposes, everyone knows," wrote the *National Review* in February 1964, "that Barry Goldwater shall be the Republican candidate." But look what happened. Goldwater carried the five states of the Deep South (Eisenhower had carried four in 1956), but he failed to carry a single other Southern state. In the Electoral College, he had only 47 out of 128 of the votes from the South.

Obsessed with shifts of population, with the upper-income precincts in the "new" cities, the Republicans seem not to know or understand the South. It did not become the Solid South for the Democrats as a result of the Civil War; the Republicans were still holding substantial support in the 11 ex-Confederate states into the 1890s. It was only after the Populist upheaval at the end of the last century that the supremacy of the Democrats became complete, so that Theodore Roosevelt could say in 1901 that there was no longer a Republican party in the South, "simply a set of black and white scalawags." Once again, one may say that, if he had thought to look at the South in the past two decades, he would not have forgotten the strain of populism.

Southern society, and therefore Southern politics, have always been much more complex than most Northerners have understood. The South has always been "internally at odds" with itself, as one student has put it. "The conflicts that have been so much a part of the Southern experience have occurred . . . between Southerners and within Southerners, as much as between North and South"; and in this century that has meant between and within the Democrats, who in surviving the civil rights struggle with "the blacks, the farmers, the rednecks," are merely repeating their history. This was especially apparent in the failure of the Dixiecrat rebellion. "The most substantial political leaders in the region," says Dewey Grantham in his study, "shied away from the Dixiecrat radicals and were careful to keep lines of communication open with the National party leadership"; as of course Wallace himself was always careful to do.

One ought not to be surprised at all this. In a long trip

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through the South in 1965, the year after the Goldwater failure there, I searched out many of the "new" Republican leaders, and what was striking about them was that so many seemed not to be—and in some cases were not—Southerners at all. They did not really have a feel for the significant distinctions that had divided the Southwest, such as Texas and Oklahoma, so quickly from the other Confederate states after the Civil War; or for the struggles between the eastern plains and the western hills on the Atlantic seaboard, or those between the delta and the piney woods in the Deep South; no feel for the complexity of the social divisions the Democrats know like their knuckles, or for the "habit of radicalism" that populism had ingrained. Anyone who imagined that, after the failure of the Dixiecrats, a "Southern strategy" could exclude the blacks from the heart of it did not know the South.

There is more justification for regarding the Southwest as a "home" of the Republicans; it certainly has all the characteristics of the mobile home that I have suggested is where the Republicans must now live. But in terms of votes in the Electoral College, the Southwest, even the new and expanding Southwest, looks a little skimpy *unless* it can carry with it the Southern states to the east, and California to the west. But, apart from the weakness of the Republicans in the Southern states, California has never been, is not now, and does not seem ever likely to be, a stable "home" of the Republican party in terms of national politics. It is peculiar to itself, almost a nation to itself; an indefinable chameleon. Once over the Sierra Nevada, the rest of the Southwest seems very remote. "Houston," one says in Los Angeles, and people say: "Houston? . . . Oh, you mean—Houston . . . that place over near Louisiana."

The more one gazes at the whole concept of the "Sun Belt," the more it seems, this year at least, to be suffering from a partial eclipse; and an eclipse that seems to be moving across its face simultaneously from both sides. The trouble with too many political observers is that they fly into large cities, like Houston or Phoenix, and fly out 24 hours later, usually having seen only the same people as other political observers have seen. But the new big cities like Houston and Phoenix are deceptive: they are sort of pasted on the map. A quick visit to them gives no suggestion of their hinterlands or their states.

I have lived in Houston, a comparatively old city that has become new, and its own social structure, and its relationship to the rest of Texas, are difficult to disentangle and understand. Houston is whichever freeway off the Loop you take out of it. In any one of seven directions one may go, in a half hour one is in one of seven distinct regions of the state. When one talks of carrying Texas in a presidential election, one is talking of accumulating a state-wide popular majority; but if one talks of *how* to accumulate that majority, one has to look out from Houston or Dallas, Corpus Christi or even Austin, to regions and counties in which are ingrained a history and folk memories that have only to be touched to respond. A confrontation in them between the appeal of Jimmy Carter and that of John Connally might have eclipsed the "Sun Belt" strategy altogether, leaving only some unpopulous states.

A third area to which the Republicans, conservative and liberal, have been looking for the "emerging Republican majority" is the suburbs. Probably more nonsense is talked about the suburbs than about any other social or economic entity in the nation. There is a widespread misconception, among those who do not live in them, that everyone who lives in a suburb is at least reasonably affluent, sufficiently content with his lot not to think that he needs the Democratic party any more, anti-black and fed up with the welfare rolls, and wants only to be left alone, to enjoy an untrammelled life of libertarian impulse. In short, the suburban dweller is selfish and greedy and stupid; and this is very much the picture of him the Republicans, of both persuasions, have painted, as they embrace him as their savior.

Even the Democrats have been overwhelmed in recent years by the picture of these bovine families as they graze on their lawns. The Postmaster General and later chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Lawrence O'Brien, reminded a Western States Democratic Conference in Los Angeles, on August 26, 1967, of "American workers who live in the suburbs, pay taxes, support churches and community activities, and hope to send their children to college." After his defeat by Reagan in 1966, Pat Brown did not blame himself, he blamed the suburban dwellers: "Workers used to ask about workmen's compensation and disability insurance. Not this time. The workers have become aristocrats, and when they become aristocrats they become Republicans"; to which one can only say that they must have a very peculiar conception in California of the attributes both of an aristocrat and a Republican.

The attempt to turn the suburban dwellers into a uniform class, usually with motives of only the most narrow self-interest, is insupportable. One could do the same in many cities, but at what point, if one takes the Long Island Railroad (not something to be recommended to aristocrats) out to the Hamptons, does one pass into suburbia, and at what point does one meet these uniform aristocratic workers. Where on the Philadelphia Main Line? After all, there are even black suburban communities; there are Jewish suburbs that do not exactly fit into the pattern; and there are other complex ethnic suburbs, where the ethnic heritage is not necessarily diluted by the transposition from the inner cities. In most suburbs, the majority do not have a college education, they do not work in managerial or professional positions, and they do not commute to jobs in the cities downtown. In the Chicago metropolitan area, how does one, for any significant purpose or to

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develop any political strategy, put working-class Cicero into the same category as upper-class Glencoe? Even the middle-class suburbs are not uniform.

The basic assumption of the Republican is that to move to the suburbs is to take another step to becoming WASP and middle class. When the Republican strategist of the Eisenhower years, Robert Humphreys, tried to explain to Leonard Hall, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, some of the reasons for the severe defeat the Republicans suffered in the mid-term elections in 1958, he asked: "When you go to a Republican dinner, whom do you see at the head table? It is an even money bet that the head table will be 100 percent white, Nordic, Protestant, upper-income class. Who gets introduced from the audience? Ditto above . . . A cross section of the Republican party is a mere splinter in breadth compared to a cross section of America." Today the experiment is still an even money bet.

He was describing the party led by Eisenhower. One might have expected the conservative Republicans, therefore, with all their radical mission to revitalize American society, to have cast their net wider. But of those delegates and alternates from the Deep South to the Goldwater convention in 1964 who answered a questionnaire—a sufficient number to be a trustworthy sample: all where white; 75 percent were male; 74 percent had been to college; 74 percent were in managerial, professional or proprietary occupations; 72 percent were in the upper income bracket; 75 percent said that they were Episcopalians or Methodists or Presbyterians (hardly a cross section of the Deep South); 31 percent identified themselves as "upper middle class" (compared with 19 percent of the adult American population by income level), 67 percent as "middle class" (39 percent for the adult population), and only two percent as "working class" (56 percent for the adult population). These are alarming figures for any party seriously bent on power.

In these figures about the Goldwater activists in the South, there is the intimation of all that is radically at fault with both the "Southern strategy"—where are "the blacks, the farmers, the rednecks" among them?—and the "suburban strategy." Whether it is led by its conservatives or its liberals, the Republican party in its essential composition is still an enclave of the privileged, whose association with the less privileged majority of the country is slight, casual, unknowledgeable, thoughtless, intermittent, and in the end phony and often objectionable.

In 1966, the policy committee of the Republican party in the Senate issued a report depicting the new "power group" in American politics as a professional, technical, and managerial, middle class: affluent, very young, used to security in employment, highly educated, and living or expecting to live in the suburbs. There is no way for the great majority of the American people to be pictured in these terms. They may from time to time be disaffected with the Democratic party; the Democrats may let them down; they may think it is time for a change; they may be looser in their party loyalties than they once were. But no party can hope to become the normal majority party of the country when its leaders and active members are so dissociated from the population, and compose a "power group" of a privileged elite.

Moreover, it is from such an elite that there comes the conviction that the country is profoundly—not just reasonably—at odds with the federal government. Of the delegates and alternatives questioned at the Goldwater convention: 94 percent thought that the government did too much; 95 percent didn't think the federal government should find jobs for those without work; 93 percent didn't want the federal government to help people get medical care at low cost; 89 percent thought that all education should be left to state and local governments. These proportions bear no resemblance to those for the adult American population as a whole. They are the attitudes of an elite, as much among its conservatives as its liberals, who are strangling the Republican party.

Finally, one must say that no more astonishing political error has been committed by the Republican party, conservatives and liberals, than the throwing away of the black vote in the past half century, not only in the South, but in the North where historically it should have been the Republicans who ought to have been there to welcome them. In the 1928 election, although the Democrats began to weaken the traditional Republicanism of the blacks—partly as a result of the virulent Southern white attack on Al Smith—men such as Robert R. Moton, the successor of Booker T. Washington as president of the Tuskegee Institute, worked for Herbert Hoover. With the split within the Southern Democrats, the blacks had again become a crucial factor in elections. Their reward was that Herbert Hoover made no mention of blacks in his Inaugural Address.

Although there were important defections to the Democrats in 1932—Robert L. Vann, the publisher of the Pittsburgh *Courier*, one of the most important black publications in the country, repudiated Hoover—and although Tammany delivered the black vote in New York, and Pendergast in Kansas City, Missouri, and depressed blacks in Pittsburgh and Detroit voted for Roosevelt, the blacks still clung to the Republicans in other great Northern cities. In the black wards of Cleveland, for example, where Al Smith had polled 30 percent in 1928, Roosevelt got only 24 percent in 1932.

But when Jim Farley—not to mention Roosevelt himself—saw where there were valuable votes to be had, he went after them, which is what parties in democracies are meant to do. The first Roosevelt administration gave the blacks an influential, if not powerful, voice within it, appointing race relations

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advisers, including Clark Foreman, a young Southern white liberal; he was soon succeeded by his black assistant, Robert C. Weaver, who had just left Harvard. These advisers were circumscribed in their power, but they did take their stand on the basically equalizing impulse of the New Deal to advance the claims of the blacks to equality in their legal status.

In the mid-term elections in 1934, the first black Democrat, Arthur W. Mitchell, was returned to Congress from Chicago; but what was important about his victory was that, since the New Deal had split the previously solid Republican black vote in the district, a Democratic white minority held the balance of power, and it worked for the return of Mitchell.

Only slowly did the Republicans show any sign of realizing what was happening to their black vote. "The Negro vote is notoriously venal," wrote Dorothy Thompson in the New York *Herald Tribune* in August 1936. "Ignorant and illiterate, the vast mass of Negroes are like the lower strata of early industrial immigrants, and like them are 'bossed' and 'delivered' in blocs by venal leaders, white and black." But even as she wrote, the black voters were responding to a policy, to the glimmerings of a new attitude to them in Washington; they migrated out of the Republican into the Democratic camp in mass, to vote for a program. Roosevelt's percentage of the black vote in Chicago, for example, shot up to 49 percent, and in Cleveland up to 62 percent. Moreover, the white Southern Democrats were unable to retaliate in this period, because they were trapped in their own one-party system.

By 1940, the black voters were becoming so important that for the first time the Democratic party included a frank appeal to them in its party platform; and the blacks responded by giving Roosevelt a larger percentage of their votes than they had four years earlier. In 1943, the Alabama journalist, John Temple Graves, noticed the increase in the black Democratic vote above the Potomac since 1932, and made the pregnant comment: "Because the vote represents something near a balance of power in balance-of-power states, it means also that Northern Negroes may become more important than Southern whites in the party of the white south's long allegiance." It was unavoidable that the white Southerners should rebel.

They tried in 1944, but their spearhead, an organization of Texas Regulars, was decisively defeated in the Democratic convention and in the independent slate at the subsequent election. "The cry of 'Nigger' [in the South] is losing its old magic," wrote a Southerner at the time. It was raised against Claude Pepper and Lister Hill in their primaries in Florida and Alabama that year, but to no avail. Meanwhile, Roosevelt, during the campaign, came out for a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission, and for the abolition of racial and economic restrictions on black voters; and with the help of the Political Action Committee of the CIO, he still managed to hold enough of the black vote, in spite of the weakness of the party's platform on the issue.

But it was in 1944 that the Republicans should really have noticed what was happening to them, as much in the North as the South. In an analysis of the results, Herbert Brownell, Jr., the chairman of the Republican National Committee, claimed that a shift of 303,414 votes in 15 states outside the South would have given Dewey an eight-vote Electoral College majority. But in at least eight of those 15 Northern states, the black vote exceeded the number needed to move to the Republican column.

What has happened since then is well enough known: the decision of the Republican party, as we have noticed, to abandon the black vote in order to go after the white Democratic vote in the South in pursuit of a "Southern strategy." It will be an irony if this year it finds that it has lost both. Even when the 1956 election showed the ability of Eisenhower to attract the black vote, his administration in the next four years did nothing to consolidate it, neither did the Republican party press him to do anything. This is very different from the kind of action of Harry Truman in 1946, when the bill to strengthen the FEPC was bottled up in the House Rules Committee as a result of the action of, among others, Roger C. Slaughter, of Missouri. Truman intervened personally to ensure Slaughter's defeat; and when he lost in the election by 2783 votes, there were 7000 black votes piled up against him. No Republican President has ever made a similar demonstration.

All of these are not just questions of electoral strategy—after all, it was the Pendergast machine that was determined to get rid of Slaughter, partly because it understood the importance of the black vote—but of some deeper weakness in the Republican party. It is as if they do not belong to this country in this century, neither the conservatives nor the liberals among them. It is as if they do not see or feel what is happening around them, whether the changes in the Northern blacks after 1932, or the changes in the Southern whites after 1948, the failure of the Dixiecrats. As I have said, their "Southern strategy" was really made for 1948, although there was already evidence then that "the cry of 'Nigger' was losing its magic"; and they will make the same mistake this year if they think that as complex and as localized an issue as forced busing will give them more than a few local advantages. The country has changed in ways they seem not to comprehend.

Part of the reason is that they will insist in defining the voters only in terms of their economic interests. Any sensible politician will of course look at figures of income and so on. They are the bread and butter of politics. But there is more than "economic man"; especially when he goes to the polling booth to vote in a national election. He votes as a whole man of intricately mixed interests and aspirations and feelings about his

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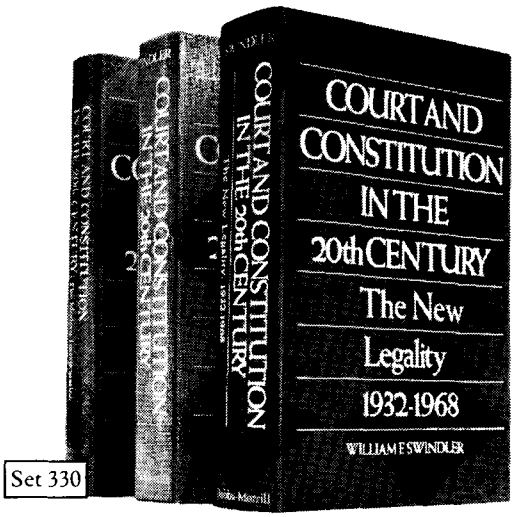

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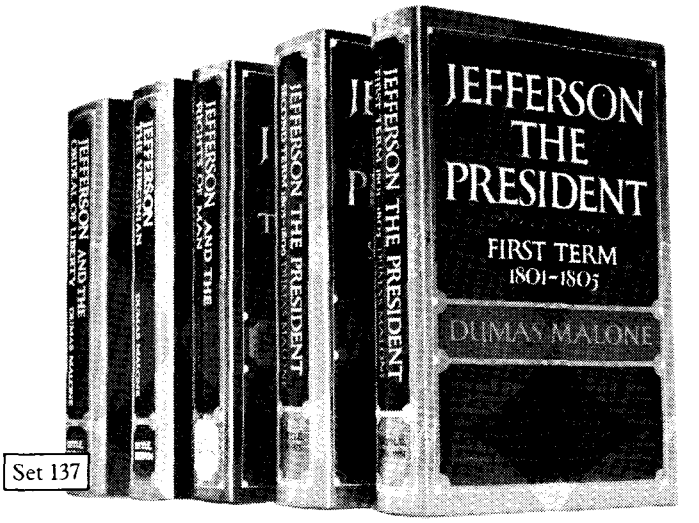

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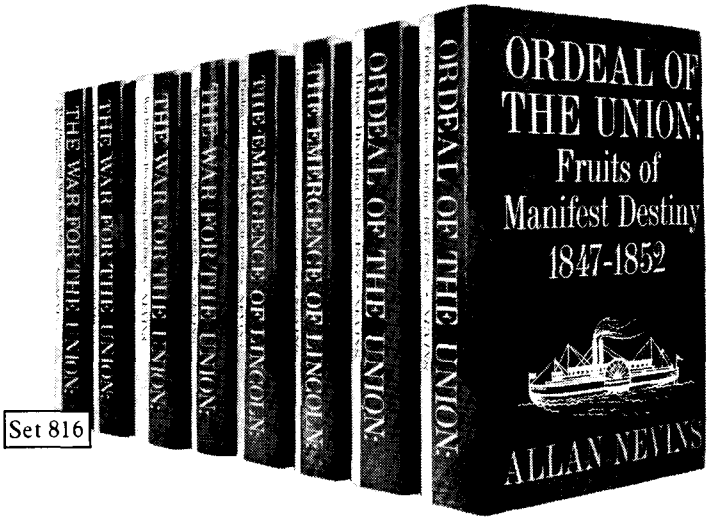

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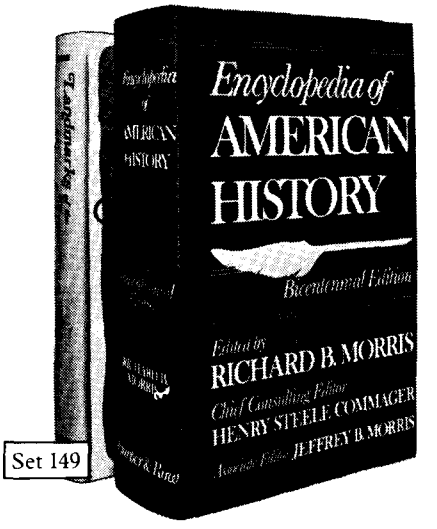

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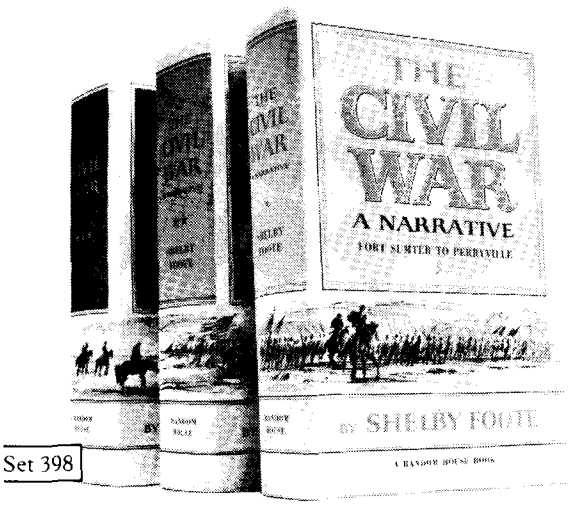

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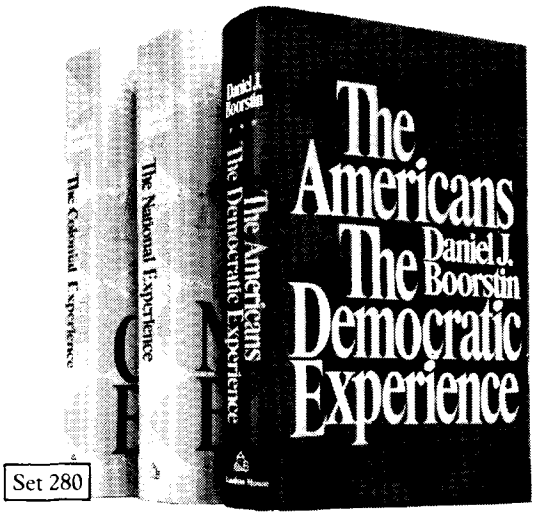

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country. The Democratic party seems during this century always to have had a sense of this: that the white, working-class, ethnic, trade union, suburban, Catholic voter in Cicero does not vote in response to any one of these attributes, but in a complex response to all of them, which often contradict each other. This was a mistake George Wallace made: when the people of Cicero screamed at Martin Luther King, Jr. on their streets, he saw them only as white.

It is a mistake the Republicans also make; and nothing is more revealing than that the conservative Republicans, who in their philosophizing despise "economic man," in practice exalt him. Whenever one lifts one's head from the quantitative measurement of politics, which so overwhelms us right now, one is back at the old-fashioned notion that parties have philosophies and attitudes about humanity that inform their calculations. One must ask if the weakness of the Republicans is that their philosophy is false, or that they have none at all.

Return of the Multinationals

Yankees Come Home

by Daniel Yergin

In August of 1966, you could pick up a new Volkswagen Beetle for as little as $1573. Now, just 10 years later, the price of the Rabbit, the Beetle's successor, starts at around $3400. That vast spread in price explains why VW is planning to open an assembly plant in Pennsylvania.

It has taken something as visible as the Volkswagen decision to dramatize a major change in the international economy, a shift in the relationship of the United States to the rest of the world's economy. Many common assumptions, including a number that have to do with multinational companies, now call for major revision.

Foreign investment is pouring into the United States at an astonishing rate. Portfolio investment (in stocks and bonds), the leading indicator, continues to mount dramatically as does private investment in real estate. Meanwhile, in June, the Commerce Department reported that direct foreign investment (10 percent or more of voting shares of a company) in the US increased by 24 percent in 1974, and, with a break for the recession, has been increasing even more rapidly since. Foreign investment in manufacturing plants in the US, for instance, jumped, according to one survey, 60 percent in the first half of 1976, compared to the first half of last year.

Much of this direct investment is coming from foreign giants. The French tire company Michelin, for instance, has planned a $600 million investment here between 1974 and 1979. Among other familiar foreign names moving in are Volvo, Sony, BASF and Yamaha. But it's not just the big companies. When a corporation like VW decides to come, it pulls many other companies with it, and VW's suppliers are already shopping for US sites. Many other smaller companies are looking for a way in.

There is another element of change that is less well noticed. It had become a commonplace in political thinking that American multinationals were going to grow ever larger, ever more powerful, that they were running free, like rampaging wild beasts that no national government could tame.

Whatever the basis for such fears in the past, things have changed. The multinationals are coming home. I don't mean that the multinationals are selling off their foreign operations and ceasing to invest abroad. But they are interested in security as well as profit, and for that reason, the most attractive place in the world in which to invest today happens to be the United States. "The period of rapid expansion of the so-called multinational corporations has probably come to an end," Charles McCoy, chairman of the finance committee of duPont, recently observed. "At least for the next decade or so in the US the bias in capital investment will be toward the domestic side. That's a major switch." He added, "The US multinationals enjoyed extraordinary opportunities for about two decades. There were many incentives to invest abroad . . . Now the incentives are much harder to find."

The foreign companies have been moving into the

Daniel Yergin is author of *The Shattered Peace*, a history of the Cold War, to be published soon by Houghton Mifflin.

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United States for both commerical and political reasons. The American market is the biggest and most attractive in the world. Although it is not widely recognized, American multinationals have met their match in the last 10 years in foreign multinationals. After surveying sales and investment, Professor Robert Stobaugh recently concluded, "US firms face powerful foreign competitors, and these competitors seem to be larger than their US counterparts and growing faster." It is not surprising that a company like Michelin, which sells tires almost everywhere else in the world, should want to carve out a substantial market in the US. Having become accustomed to operating in the larger European market, rather than merely their own home market, many companies now have the confidence to tackle the United States. In addition, the US is still the major source for technological innovation, and many foreign companies believe that they will acquire quicker access to new technology if they have their foot inside the American door.

Economic fears have played a still more important role in the recent surge of investment. Volkswagen has been watching its American market shrink. In 1975 its sales here dropped 20 percent; in May 1976, its sales were down 43 percent compared to May of last year.

Foreign exporters have been hit hard by inflation, and have lost their competitive advantages. As one Commerce Department official put it, "The Japanese no longer work for nickels." Between 1969 and 1974, for instance, hourly compensation in the US metal working industries rose from $4.34 to $6.14; in the same period, it rose in West Germany from $1.85 to $6.02. Comparable wages are actually higher in several European countries than in the United States. Also, the fluctuation in currency rates has generally worked to the disadvantage of foreign companies. Volkswagen has just been ordered by the Treasury Department to increase its prices in the US again, because of the disparity between prices here and in Germany—the result of floating currency rates and an overvalued mark.

The foreign flows would not have been so large were not important political forces driving them. This does not apply so much to West German, Dutch or Japanese investment (although West German and Dutch executives do privately indicate that they would like to operate where they don't have to contend with worker participation). But it does certainly apply to investment coming from Italy and France. In both countries, there is fear that left wing governments, with Communist participation, will soon come to power, and so companies want to establish bases in the US that will not be subject to nationalization. Italian businessmen have not been particularly soothed by the Italian Communist party's assertion that it is not hostile to capital. One might even suspect that this investment is seen as a way to move control over patents and trademarks to the American-based subsidiaries. This desire to get into the US is also true of British companies worried about what unpredictable course the current rather mild Labour government will follow in the future.

"No doubt about it, money is fleeing Italy, and to a lesser degree, England and France," said one prominent American investment banker. "People are putting their cash in Switzerland and their investment in the US. Many people are nervous, they're afraid of Socialist-Communist governments."

Of course, if the companies were really nervous politically, they might choose instead to stay more liquid and avoid fixed investment. However, the economic incentives for investing in the US override the reasons for that kind of caution. In fact, this banker has overstated the matter—the mood behind the investment decisions is more like prudence than hysteria. But the prudent are certainly moving at a rapid rate.

"I see it every day," the banker added. "I'm involved with three multi-billion dollar European companies that are putting investments here now. A French company that is our client just bought an American subsidiary, their first. They figure their future market is here, and that, if they're going to put investment here, they should do it now, before the franc becomes even weaker.

"A British client has large assets in US raw materials. I was interviewed recently by a man from a British pension fund that was thinking of investing in the company. All he could talk about was the US assets, how good a hedge they are against who knows what. In fact, companies with US assets are now doing better on European stock exchanges than comparable companies without such assets. It looks to me that the European markets are becoming *that* discriminating."

In 1973 and 1974 a good deal of concern was voiced in the US about this foreign investment here. People worried that it would give rise to foreign control over our economy and then over our politics. Suddenly we discovered what it was like to be on the other side of investment, and could better understand why foreign governments and critics were, to put it mildly, uneasy about the major positions US companies hold in their economies. Arthur Burns came up with his "Quaker Oats rule"—foreigners should not be permitted to buy General Motors or Boeing, but Quaker Oats was OK. Of course, Quaker Oats was not very happy with that idea.

In 1975, the administration set up a Committee on Foreign Investment to monitor developments. "The position of the administration is one of neutrality," said a member of the committee. "We see nothing wrong with foreign investment; we still want to keep an eye on it. But we don't monitor with a capital 'M.'"

So far the committee has examined, among others,

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the controversial purchase of Pittsburgh's Copperweld by Imetal, the Rothschild-controlled French conglomerate, and the planned Iranian purchase of a share in the flamboyant Armand Hammer's Occidental Petroleum. On neither case has the committee seen grounds to try to thwart the deal.

One should not ignore the type of precedent represented in the boycott Arab countries are trying to force US investment houses to observe. At this point, however, there seems little reason to be overly concerned about the political consequences of the foreign investment. Our economy is so large that foreign companies would have some difficulty in acquiring decisive power. Indeed, if the experience of American companies abroad is any guide, matters can go the other way—the foreign companies will become subject, even hostage, to the American political process.

But the "major shift" (in the words of duPont's McCoy) for American companies is more dramatic, even if less well recognized. US companies began investing in plants abroad more than a century ago. In the years before World War II, US companies stepped up their investment. They were not yet called multinational companies. Rather the effort was known, as though some kind of utopian uplift, as "the branch factory movement."

The major growth, of course, took place after World War II. Many executives of multinationals, as well as their critics, have assumed that there was something almost irreversible about this movement, as though ordained by Mother Nature. On the contrary, it occurred within the confines of what might be called the "Bretton Woods world." That is, it took place in an environment of stable exchange rates and general political and economic security, where the United States had the overwhelming power to organize and set the economic rules.

The growth, obviously, was phenomenal. US direct investment abroad totaled $7.2 billion in 1946. It rose to $32 billion in 1960, to $49.5 billion in 1965, and $119 billion in 1974.

Perception eventually caught up with reality, and in the 1960s and early 1970s, the "multinational corporation" was discovered, identified and analyzed. The egregious behavior of ITT in Chile and in the United States came to symbolize the behavior of all multinational companies, although there are reasons to regard ITT as atypical as well as typical. In common parlance, at home and abroad, "multinational corporations" became a synonym for imperialism. Mere mention was like pushing a button on a machine, from which condemnation would automatically flow. Critics assumed that the power of these companies would grow, and that bringing them to heel was the prime task of national governments and popular politics.

This attitude was pungently expressed in *Global Reach*, by Richard Barnet and Ronald Müller. The "vaunted rational integrated world economy" of the multinational corporations, they argued, is "a recipe for a new stage in authoritarian politics, an international class war of huge proportions, and, ultimately, ecological suicide . . . The global corporation is the most powerful human organization yet devised for colonizing the future . . . The strategies of growth of the global corporation are incompatible with social, ecological, and psychological balance."

The process of writing and publishing a book is, however, much slower than any author would wish, and by the time the Barnet and Müller book appeared, the conditions that made possible their predictions were already passing.

Between 1971 and 1975, the Bretton Woods world collapsed. In 1971, the fixed exchange system of currencies fell apart, and the dollar started to float. In 1973, Arab oil producers decreed their embargo, and the OPEC nations multiplied the cost of oil. The major oil companies, among the oldest and most powerful multinationals, had been slowly losing power and control over international energy markets to the producing countries for several years, but the events of autumn 1973 speeded up the process dramatically. The relative power of the United States to set the rules for an international economic order declined. Inflation and recession not only increased political turmoil abroad, but also sapped the confidence of multinational executives.

Today, "ex-United States," as the businessmen call the rest of the world, is a lot less attractive. According to a recent Commerce Department study, total American investment in plants and equipment abroad will increase by only two percent in 1976, following a three percent rise in 1975. This compares to a 24 and 25 percent rise in 1973 and 1974, respectively.

The reasons, of course, overlap with the reasons for the flow of foreign investment into the United States. When wages, raw materials, productivity and the costs of social welfare programs are added up, the costs of producing in the United States and then exporting are often lower than producing in Europe. "We can make a calculator here and land it in Britain for less than we can make it there," said an executive of Rockwell International.

"Exchange rates and the change in the value of the dollar has had a big impact," McCoy of duPont adds. "We are trading and investing with a much depreciated dollar. Production costs no longer look so much lower outside the US." In addition, new accounting rules work to the disadvantage of companies with major stakes in countries with weak currencies.

But again, political factors are tipping the balance. "The American multinationals are getting discouraged," said the investment banker I quoted earlier. "They are getting more selective in their investments, and they'd rather put their money at home. The political concerns come first. Risks are increasing dramatically.

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They can't afford to take them, they're more conscious of return."

American companies see a less hospitable environment when they look at Europe. The French government, for instance, has recently forced foreign companies to sell off advanced technology subsidiaries to French companies. Many American executives are unnecessarily frightened of the move toward worker participation throughout Europe. They find that large foreign subsidiaries do become hostages, and their flexibility is thus reduced. When Burroughs, for instance, tried to cut a hundred men from the work force of a Belgian plant, the workers responded with a sit-in, and the case became a nationwide *cause célèbre*. A number of American companies that would like to unload unprofitable operations in northern Italy find their way blocked by labor unions and local government.

Everywhere—in Canada, in Western Europe and of course, throughout the Third World—they are faced with a resurgence of nationalism. The supposedly anachronistic nation-states are showing themselves surprisingly competent when it comes to taming the wild beasts. Along with that goes a fear of instability and left wing governments in such trditional investment locations as Italy, France and Britain, as well as an acute sense of volatility in the Third World. Debate about their US tax liability merely provides one more reason not to look overseas.

On top of all of this comes the general attack on multinationals. The charge is that of economic exploitation. The critics tend to overlook what multinationals accomplish by investing when others are not and by transferring technology. The current scandals about overseas bribes have only, naturally enough, increased the criticism, although the critics do sometimes confuse giving bribes with being blackmailed.

All of this will certainly result in a decided shift of emphasis. The moving home of American multinationals plus the arrival of the foreign companies could have an important impact on the US economy. "In a modest way the US may be the 'Japan Inc.' of the 1980s, the Cinderella of the industrialized countries," suggested Charles McCoy of duPont. "While we won't match the spectacular growth rates of Japan in the past 20 years, the decline in attractiveness of business conditions elsewhere does make the US relatively more attractive for the 1980s. Our economic forecasts for the US may well prove to be too low."

Before becoming too excited about this prospect, one ought to keep in mind that it will mean a proportionate decrease in investment made in Western Europe—which could result in lower growth rates and other economic problems—adding to political difficulties in certain countries. This also means less interest in investing in the Third World, which is already becoming unpleasantly obvious in certain quarters.

"I go to a lot of meetings in a Third World context," observed a State Department official. "Clearly the hostility to the multinationals is less than it was two years ago. It is more qualified now. Certain figures are being driven home, and a number of Third World countries are very disturbed. About 80 percent of all foreign direct investment now takes place among the OECD countries. The Third World is not getting new investment and some of them are beginning to realize, when all is said and done, that they want it and they need it."

Of course, investment overseas will not cease, and it will vary from company to company. "We have just finished a longterm demographic analysis," says J.E. Crawford, managing director of Monsanto International, "and it shows the rest of the world growing faster, both in population and economic growth, than the United States. Our own long-range plans show almost exactly the same breakdown between US and foreign investment in the years immediately ahead, as in the past, though with somewhat less emphasis on Europe. For ourselves, we realize that there is an awful lot of growth out there, and we do not want to lose our world share.

"Businessmen have problems," he added. "But businessmen always have different problems everywhere. You learn to live with these things."

No doubt, the multinationals will prove more adaptive than even their own executives believe possible. The signs of adaptation are already obvious in many companies. The executive corps of foreign subsidiaries—not only in Europe, but in areas like the Caribbean—is increasingly made up almost entirely of local nationals. Multinationals will increasingly seek to enter new markets through joint ventures with local firms or government enterprises. They will learn to live with worker participation, even with international codes of conduct, and will be more careful not to monopolize local sources of capital. Indeed, it is now said that, on such terms, much of Latin America is much more hospitable to foreign investment than in recent years.

Also, of course, some of the current economic conditions are cyclical in nature. But the truth of the matter is that the multinationals will be more skittish than they have been in the past. They will generally wish that they were somewhat less multinational, and will do what they can to bring that about. Obviously, corporate attitudes are still strongly affected by the recent experience of inflation and slump, and it will take a year or two of recovery before confidence is really restored. But even after that happens, corporate decisionmakers will still act with more caution and care. And one likely result is that those abroad most vocal in their resentment and criticism of American direct investment in their countries will, as that stream slows, start to miss it, and perhaps, with the passage of time, even come to court it.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Films Noiret

The Clockmaker (Joseph Green). Philippe Noiret is the Walter Matthau of France, and then some. He has the sort of interesting homeliness that represents a range of faces from better- to worse-looking. He has humor, authenticity, bile, wryness, affection and anger; and he knows how to be quiet. After some theater and cabaret work he began playing in films in 1956. I know by his record that I've seen some of them, but I first really became aware of him with *La Grande Bouffe* three years ago in which he played the man still dependent, in an adult way, on his former wetnurse. Since then I've admired him increasingly. Now, in this picture adapted from a Simenon novel, he gives us one kind of film acting, taciturn and evocative, at its best.

The screenwriters are Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost who are in their 70s and have been working together since the 1940s (*Forbidden Games*, for instance). The director, Bernard Tavernier, is 35, a former critic who is making his feature debut with this film. (It's dedicated, says a note at the end, to Jacques Prévert, the poet and screenwriter, author of *Children of Paradise*.) I haven't read Simenon's novel, *The Clockmaker of Everton*, but the script is built on that minor master's usual concerns, guided into film by skillful hands and, apparently, touched by the questions that press young Frenchmen.

The center is pure Simenon: crime as a medium for examining human trait. The scene is Lyons. Noiret is a repairer of clocks and watches, a fact of small consequence to the story except that it sets him as a small craftsman and tradesman in a little shop in a little street. He has long been separated from his wife who subsequently died. One morning when he comes down from his apartment to open his shop, the police arrive to take him away. After some hugger-mugger he is told that his son, about 20, has committed murder. The boy then fled with his girl. The police are searching for him.

The film focuses on two main fields of character action. First, on Noiret himself: the effect of his son's crime on his feelings for the boy, on his increased awareness of him. The murder was connected to the boy's protection of his girl: the victim was a security officer in the factory where the young pair worked, an ex-paratrooper who had brutalized many and had attacked the girl. We see the victim's apartment with its *Playboy* posters. We see the boy's room in Noiret's apartment, with its graffiti from Céline and others on the walls, its Bruant poster. (In one particularly lovely moment Noiret comes home exhausted after he has first heard the news, wanders into his boy's room, lies down on the bed and falls asleep.) The son doesn't even appear until about two-thirds of the way along, but through the film we see Noiret closing the distance between himself and the boy. At the trial (and this is all we see of it) Noiret affirms on the witness stand that he stands by his son completely.

Second, and equally gripping, is the relation that develops between Noiret and the police inspector in charge of his son's case, a man of about his own age, also with a son. The inspector, delicately played by Jean Rochefort, is attracted by the silent, stubborn anguish of the waiting Noiret, and seems to want to learn from him how to deal better with his own son. Out of pride, and finally out of dislike of the inspector's métier, Noiret keeps Rochefort at a cordially cool distance, but the many scenes between the two men create a communion of parental perplexity and care.

Both of these main fields of action move toward an overriding theme: political anger, social fury. Stone-faced crushing power is on the increase in France, says the film, individual morality falters. The boy's crime is a blow against the former, and the police inspector himself is bitter about the latter. He calls France a country of "50 million citizens, 20 million informers." In these aspects the script leans on us heavily, particularly in its acceptance of the murder as a justified political response, most particularly in the father's *complete* acceptance of it. Some of the script tends to the tendentious, with tractarian anarchy as pat as tractarian conservatism.

In Bernard Tavernier's direction the chief flaw is that he doesn't yet know how good he is. He lacks the confidence as yet to do less. The early scene in a restaurant, for example, is nagged with too much cutting, too much moving in and out. For no reason some later scenes are shot with hand-held camera. A scene in which three people walk across an airfield to a plane is given us in three different angles, and we didn't need the scene at all.

But in the (let's call them) Simenonesque aspects, Tavernier is fine. He has sympathy, imagination and an acute sense of casting; and he has had the wisdom to let his leading actor *work*. Noiret, clown-faced and dignified, convinces us that the things he sees and hears are rolling around deep inside him, like gunshots echoing in a cavern.

(I've just read in *The New Review* that Tavernier has since done two more films, both with Noiret. *Please*, importers. *Soon*.)

My Friends (Allied Artists). Noiret is also on view in this new Italian film. (French and Italian actors often move back and forth across the border—voicelessly, in effect.) He is the leading figure among five old friends who like to cut loose together occasionally, leaving work for a while, leaving wives if they have them, tearing around in a car, chasing women, drinking and singing and—above all—playing intricate practical jokes. It may sound like a cartoon of immature chauvinist American maleness, but this picture was written by (the late) Pietro Germi with Piero De Barnardi, Leo Benevenuti and Tullio Pinelli. (Pinelli collaborated on every Fellini film from *The White Sheik* through *Juliet of the Spirits*.)

One effect of changing consciousness

Films Worth Seeing

All the President's Men. Two young reporters battle authority and expose corruption. Corny plot, of course, but briskly done.

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings. Black baseball players before Jackie Robinson. Untidy fun.

The Exorcist. Bedeviling the US longer than it did that poor kid. Still scary if you haven't read too much about it beforehand.

Seven Beauties. Italians in WW II. Lina Wertmüller dares to take a tragically farcical look at tragic fact.

SK

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is that it changes humor. Some of the friends' escapades would be funny in any context. Some, like a prank in which they pose as gangsters and victimize a greedy old pensioner, would be unfunny in any context. Some, like a scene in which they convince ignorant villagers that their homes are about to be demolished, are stupidly unfeeling. And some that deal with the fooling of wives, with the dragginess of women once you have had them, are just tired old vaudeville, especially wearisome today.

Germi, who died in December 1974, was one of the most courteous men I have met but also one of the most dour. Yet out of a long career—writer, director and actor—his outstanding works were comedies, *Divorce, Italian Style* and *Seduced and Abandoned*. Germi had done only one week's shooting on *My Friends* when he died; the picture was finished by Mario Monicelli, who is a much more interesting artist and also more of a puzzle. At least three times in his equally long career Monicelli has touched greatness: *The Organizer*, about turn-of-the-century labor strife, *The Great War*, about that first "great" war and *Big Deal on Madonna Street*, one of the best comedies ever to come from Italy. I have no clue as to why his films have varied so widely in quality. *My Friends* shows a highly experienced hand, but it's lesser Monicelli.

Noiret nicely plays—or mimes—a humane, hardbitten Florentine crime journalist. He and another good French actor Bernard Blier are badly dubbed in Italian. Among the others Ugo Tognazzi shows again that he is a slick-as-a-seal comedian, and Adolfo Celi, the man with the Verrocchio nose, shows that he is not. A recent French film, *Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others* (*TNR*, April 3, '76) treated a comparable group of middle-aged men with rueful sentiment. This film is motivated more by revenge. Life stiff-armed me (it seems to say), so once in a while I'll get some fun out of stiff-arming others. Like most vindictiveness, it has amusing moments; like all vindictiveness, it's not fundamentally funny.

Arnold Gingrich, *Esquire*

Once, strained beyond endurance by his editorial nudging, I got tart on the phone with the chairman of the board of *Esquire*, a man named John Smart; "You own the magazine," I said, "you can do with it what you want." Someone who had been sitting in his office told me later he had turned white, put down the receiver and said, *After all I've done for that boy!*

An interesting question—filial loyalty within the bosom of the corporate family. I quit my first job in magazines and a mutual friend sent me to Arnold Gingrich who helped me get another; then when I was fired from that one a couple of years later, he hired me as his assistant. Arnold himself was publisher of *Esquire*, although he never knew exactly what a publisher was supposed to do, or if he did, didn't care. Arnold was an editor which made things awkward for the editor at the time who eventually departed. I was left to myself to figure out how best to function as his assistant. Sensing my frustration but unwilling to deal with it, he said to me after my first week there, "Christ, I suppose we must have scared the shit out of you with the way we work around here . . ." and then left it to me to reassure *him*.

Difficult days at first. *Playboy* was coming up fast, the newsstand was slipping and advertising was standing still. Magazines are soft wares. They ought to belong to the people who produce them but seldom do. What the people who control magazines usually do under such circumstances is not fire the circulation director nor replace the ad manager, nor especially the management responsible—in this case management owned it—but "make editorial changes." No one in the mid-'50s seriously considered replacing Arnold. They had done that once before, in the mid-'40s and almost gone under. Now he was back, and since management had on their hands a publisher who could only edit but obviously needed help, and since the *title* of editor posed awkward inconsistencies, they persuaded Arnold

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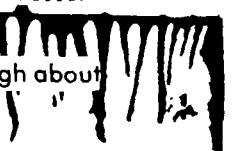

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to hire helpers—"young Turks," he would call them—Ralph Ginzburg and Clay Felker. I had come a few months earlier, and within the first two weeks of their arrival each of us had decided to see how quickly he could kill off the other two.

Arnold presided over this grisly circus with equanimity: in the end, usually, he went with the one still standing. At first I mistook this for impartiality, and indeed he seemed as fair a referee as the next man. But it was something else.

He was, as he chose to describe himself in the last year of his life, "founding editor" of *Esquire*. It was at last a title with some meaning. At 29, in 1933, he put *Esquire* together along lines suitable to its owner and principal manager, a man named David Smart, John's oldest brother. Born out of the hot juices of commerce it was designed from the first not to inform or educate but to make money. Mostly this would come about sooner by selling goods, complementing advertisers' wares—"service" articles, about fashion, liquor, cars, the accoutrements of "leisure living." ("Abe," I once pled to the company president, "please don't turn this magazine into a catalogue." He said, "I'll do whatever necessary to make money.") So it has been until now, and the founding philosophy, if that is the word for it, should not be regarded necessarily as a disparagement. Commerce made us dance: sharper ideas, impertinence or sauciness—Arnold's word—whatever necessary to get attention so that the service then could do its work. The impulse was there long before I arrived: pin-ups, jazz polls, special sections on colored paper, fold-outs, elegant car drawings, radical graphic innovations (from Paul Rand to Henry Wolf to Sam Antupit and the bullet-force of George Lois covers). That part was fun. Even now, in the great swing toward more specialized advertising subsidization (*New York* and the other booming city magazines, *Golf, Tennis, Backpack* etc., etc.) the imprint of *Esquire* persists—how to whistle through your false teeth, the sex life of birds and bees. Smart ass. Arnold had it first, and it was as essential a commodity to him as his gold-plated Dunhill expresso machine.

He loved to talk about anything, and I loved to listen, especially about *Esquire*. I had gone through all the back issues and read whatever I could find about it. I even read the transcripts of the Post Office case against *Esquire*, the precedent of which was to assure an easier delivery of *Playboy* a generation later.

He had a rich past. Once, at the time of Ernest Hemingway's suicide, I took down Carlos Baker's first biography to skim through and found a footnote involving Arnold. According to Baker, a bookdealer had the particular edition of Max Eastman's essays containing the offending one, "Bull in the Afternoon," that Hemingway had rubbed into the author's nose, with the spot left on the page memorialized by his penciled dedication of the event: "For Arnold from Papa," and, below: "Witnessed by Max Perkins." When I asked him about it next day he shrugged, casual beyond affectation, and wondered why the dealer, if he had since sold it, had never paid him.

Arnold was an open man, or seemed so. He exuded good will. When you talked with him he made you sound good. He was affable, almost too accessible. In my 18 years at *Esquire* I can remember the door to his office being closed no more than, I'd guess now, a dozen times. He went to the unusual length of listing his New Jersey home number in the New York City telephone book. He sent out over 500 Christmas cards a year, annual portraits of himself and his wife, his own chronicle of aging as compelling in its visual progressions as Edmund Wilson's diaries of growing old in Talcottville. He answered his own mail with warm, wonderful personal letters, even to jerks; even warm letters of recommendation for jerks. Everyone at *Esquire* called him Arnold even though, returning calls, he would announce himself to secretaries as "Mr. Gingrich," a reminder if only to himself of the dignity he was due. A futile corrective. By his manner Arnold encouraged encroachments. He couldn't say no. Ad salesmen particularly loved him for this. When I first came they were running into the editorial room riffling the manuscript file and taking unpublished articles by hand to potential accounts, hoping to persuade sales. ("You can't do that," I said to one of them. "Who says?" he replied. At that time a hard question to answer.)

He had a knack for qualifying his own eminence. Hosting an advertising luncheon he could greet 30 executives he had never before met, hear each man's name once and then introduce all 30 to one another without missing: smooth as Chinese silk. Next he would present the guest speaker, usually a Big Name, with a long, carefully composed introduction, lavish with praise—"a Niagara of molasses," once responded Robert Moses. Minutes later, as the flattered speaker proceeded, Arnold would slip into a deep, untroubled sleep, his chin descending smoothly to some subliminal safety catch only inches from his coffee cup.

His manner was deferential, too much *noblesse oblige* for these times. It encouraged his own management to patronize him, sometimes shamelessly, and though they treasured him—a mutual regard; corporate family for him was blood kin—it was often for the wrong reasons: for what he had been rather than for what he was; for his deference, his tendency toward self-ridicule; his resilience. They were people who thought like salesmen; he was an editor. Editorial exuberance—risk—was his delight, their caution. He was easy to argue down and hard to take seriously. Often, when they began to come after me and I would cite his concurrence, they would dismiss him affectionately but impatiently—"Oh, you know Arnold. . . ."

Growing older and hoary with stature, he eventually ascended to the antithesis of editorial challenge. His vestigial chores came to be the magazine's dirty work—lunch with hold-out advertisers, or soothing letters to irate ones. He was company totem and chief myth keeper, the spokesman who could be expected to carry it off somehow when things got rough, which seemed to happen quite frequently in his last year. He did all this without complaining. Management never gave it a second thought. Because he was so good at it, they acted as though they believed him grateful for the opportunity to serve. They asked his advice but seldom took it. That they were never able to see beyond his manner was to prove a long range problem of managerial insensitivity accounting in part, I think, for the magazine's doleful circumstances today.

And yet there was a hard discipline about Arnold that marked off an otherwise invisible line. He made his days work for him: up at 4:30; fish till six; bus to the office by seven; fiddle practice till eight; correspondence till nine; *Esquire*'s business till four; bus home; relieve the nurse of his invalid wife by five; read till midnight. Once a year he checked into a writing room at the library for a month and wrote a book. Little wonder that he dozed off at noontimes.

Even the most obtuse of them at *Esquire*, believing themselves to be, if not exactly superior, at least more

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practical somehow than good old Arnold, could not quite put together the shit-kicking deference with the stern demands he made upon himself. So at least they respected his territory. What he gave up in dignity he gained in distance.

Laissez faire, by the literal definition, describes Arnold: "The practice of non-interference in the affairs of others." In the affairs of people *or* magazines. Edit is an active verb but it wasn't for Arnold, who believed talent should find its own channels, that a writer should be "given his head." "For Christ's sake," he would warn on the buck slips from young editors suggesting radical surgery to the manuscript attached, "don't kill it with improvements." A strangely passive attitude for an editor, unique so far as I know. The man I had worked for before could only say no; Arnold could only say yes. He believed in *letting things happen*. "He edits best who edits least," he proclaimed in an early issue, paraphrasing Jefferson. In the '30s of Harold Ross and Henry Luce, surely a reactionary concept. Yet while it accounted for much of the *dreck* to be found in the magazine—weird stuff like how to play the piano in one lesson and Ezra Pound's loony ideas on monetary reform—it was also responsible for *Esquire*'s endless flow of energy, its wonderful surprises, its extraordinary vitality. As magazines go, about as close as you could get to Jeffersonian democracy.

During my years there, a generation after the good old days, I drank a barrel of his bitter expresso and heard many stories, my favorite now, I think, involving my favorite author, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and my favorite editor, editing least: "I'd advanced him some dough, too much I guess without having anything to show for it. The accounting people were raising a holy stink. They said I had to do something about it. I went down to Asheville where he was holed up. I told him why I was there and asked if he had something I could take back—anything to keep those guys quiet. He said he couldn't write, that he was washed up. I said, well, Jeez, I've got to have *something*. Maybe you could just write about not being able to write," thus the delicate delivery of "The Crack-Up" series, Fitzgerald's most eloquent essays of an artist's confrontation with his creative impotence.

When he did edit, it must be added, he knew what he was doing. That italicized epigraph at the front of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," about the leopard's carcass found above the snow line, was cut to half its length by Arnold; Hemingway, the testiest of authors, let the cut stand in all versions published subsequently. Otherwise, in the body of the text, Arnold changed one word. Hemingway let that stand, too.

I'm not sure his tastes changed very much. They peaked with the times that produced him. He said he read *The Great Gatsby* and *The Sun Also Rises* every year. What he liked in the '30s he liked in the '70s, Jesse Stuart no less than Helen Lawrenson who managed to survive the interval somewhat more successfully. He was in an odd, old fashioned way, steadfast. The pitiful ledger of Fitzgerald, a writer obsolete a decade before his death, shows entries in the last years of his life only from *Esquire*: "$250 for 'Pat Hobby's College Days.'" And yet when it had to come, he let change happen, giving way with more curiosity than resentment to the scruffier sorts we began to bring in from the late '50s.

Editors sometimes forget writers are like everyone else in that they prefer praise to criticism. Arnold, praising, was a bridge over waters roiled by his hard-nosed junior editors. So the new generation of writers liked him, too, all of them except the posturing Mailer whom he refused to take quite so seriously as Mailer took himself, perhaps because he had known so well the original Mailer was noisily trying to emulate. Arnold didn't like the new frontier of obscenity either, which Mailer believed he alone was opening up among the big slicks, and one of his last efforts to shape taste for his readership was his own self-styled campaign for "The New Puritanism," a war against liberties he was allowing in his own pages. He might as well have been calling for a return to prohibition. Finding no takers he nevertheless talked on to his readers each month in his Publisher's Page as he had each month since the first issue in 1933, genially, cordially, always in good humor. He wrote the way he talked, leaving out only his own splendidly imaginative obscenities and he never, so far as I know, revised what he wrote—just started out on the first page and wrote/talked to the last. Hardly surprising since he expected so few revisions from others.

He was a different editor than I was, plainly out of my league, and I didn't know what I could do about it. We

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weren't very much alike except for small town points of origin: Michigan for him, North Carolina for me. He was a self-made sophisticate. (Such an old fashioned word! He really gave me hell once for not knowing what the Henley Regatta was.) A connoisseur of old wines and fine cars, a linguist, an expert fisherman, the author of books he could turn out in a month, a novelist, and of course, finally, and most discouraging, one of the most imaginative editors in America. For a while I tried it his way. Once, trying to counter the angry response to a Lois cover, I told a reporter, "Nothing is *that* serious," diffidence of a degree topping even the master. But in time, of course, I realized the differences were unmanageable: I didn't give a damn about French wines, trout flies or old cars, and I really liked to edit, was sure I could make stuff better by doing so. I enjoyed having ideas more than passing on those of others. While there were many things he could do, or had done, that I couldn't, there were some things now I could do that he could not. Realizing this finally I was able to view him with somewhat more detachment—but not yet with any real sense of understanding.

"Arnold works very hard at getting people to take him for granted," Martin Mayer once remarked. Of course he was not an open man—all that ingratiating gabble was a deflection—he was an intensely self-absorbed private man. Prick the elastic surface and there was rock underneath. He was steadfast, in taste, in attachments, in his devotion to people. This was his center. *Laissez faire* was his policy: let others do what they chose, even if they moved against his own steadfastness. Was this an inconsistency? Not for him, and if it had been, it wouldn't have swayed him. He knew who he was. His standards were of a different order than those of the people around him, even unfortunately, I thought for a long time, for his magazine.

After my first year or so there I got tired of scrapping with Felker and Ginzburg and went back to college on a fellowship. Toward the end of it Arnold sent word for me to come to New York for lunch. *Coronet*, another *Esquire* property, was in trouble and needed help. Management wanted me to go over there at $50 a week more, a big pay jump for me. I said I didn't want to, had no interest in *Coronet*. He laid out all the reasons why I should, and when I still said no, he looked relieved. "Oh well," he said, "don't worry about the dough, you'll get it anyway." And then, innocently: "How can I tell them I offered you a raise and then took it back?"

Somewhere around that time Arnold evidently decided to let me become the editor of *Esquire* although of course he would do nothing to bring it about. *Laissez faire*. It would have to happen through forces beyond his arranging. Beyond mine, too, since I had no idea this was the way he worked. I had a fan rising through the several incarnations of *The Saturday Evening Post* in those days, and with each transformation, occurring annually, he would make me a new and better offer. I carried each offer back to Arnold who in turn carried it back to management, and thus, eventually did it happen. Or rather, did he let it happen.

As I gained in confidence as editor he evidently decided next to disenfranchise himself in that department, an essential transition both of us clearly understood had to happen if this young Turk was to be given his head. My part of the game was to figure out how; and within the first year or so I figured out how. I suggested in a memorandum that we share veto power: whatever of mine he didn't want in the magazine he could stop simply by saying so. I could do the same with any stuff sent down from his office. "Sure," he wrote in the top corner. "Sounds good." While the man didn't have it in him to say no, I certainly did, and from that time on *Esquire* became more my magazine than his.

If he had been aware of my disingenuousness he gave no sign of it. In the most important respect he was the perfect publisher, enthusiastically whooping me on. He sometimes liked the stuff I brought in even better than I did. Not needing to wrest his approval I found myself pursuing it. If Arnold would hesitate over some idea or proposal, this man who appeared to like everything, it *had* to be a disaster. Eventually management came to feel he was the only one there who could "control" me, and I suppose by the reverse force of his benignity, it was true. I didn't buy their service formula as much more than conventional business wisdom and did what I could to get free of it. The magazine took on a different identity. When by the late '60s the money had begun to roll in again, they let up on me but they didn't change their views. They bitched to Arnold about me and I bitched to Arnold about them.

It worries me now to remember how often I got exasperated with him, and how seldom he responded in kind. That was in his nature, too. Once Dos Passos sniped at him quite gratuitously in a *Sports Illustrated* article. Dos Passos had been an old friend and early contributor, from whom I had just that week received an assigned article. Arnold liked it. "Doesn't it bother you that he just slammed you in *Sports Illustrated*?"

"Why should it?" he said, amused by my Southern grits vindictiveness. "I like Dos' stuff. Nobody said he has to like me."

And—*Playboy*. In the early days, seeking a skeleton for his skin magazine, Hefner had simply lifted the *Esquire* framework and embedded it within the protoplasm: eight pages of fashion, 12 color cartoons, same fiction, same service, etc. Thereafter it seemed that any special feature of our devising would have its echo in *Playboy*. It made me boiling mad but not Arnold who, to the stupefaction of the entire organization, once authorized his agent to sell *Playboy* a chapter from one of his forthcoming books.

How could you? all of us cried. He shrugged and grinned without saying what he no doubt thought: we were all acting more royal than the king.

I narrowly saved the magazine once from an even greater indignity. Bob Sherrill had assigned for a Christmas issue a parody painting of the three wise men, dripping with unction, in the persons of Billy Graham, Timothy Leary and Hefner. Hefner wanted the painting (what a trophy! A caricature by the magazine that had spawned him) and Spectorsky, his assistant, wrote Arnold, now a *Playboy* contributor, a well-old-boy-how-about-it? we'll-pay-any-price sort of letter which he passed down to me assuming I would check with the artist, as was customary, to see if the painting was available.

I called and asked if he minded if I answered Spectorsky, and he said no, not at all. I wrote Spectorsky that the painting was not for sale, that he could tell Hefner to piss up a pine tree, and Merry Christmas. When I sent Arnold a

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copy of my letter, expecting at least a mild rebuke, I'm damned if he didn't like that, too.

Toward the end of our time together he became less and less involved with editorial. This didn't bother him either. He seemed delighted the magazine was doing so well, performed his corporate chores dutifully and involved himself all the more deeply in his passionate hobbies—"Toys of a Lifetime," as he would describe them in one of his books. Over the years he had become a recognized authority on trout fishing, a franchise he had to work to maintain, and now he was moving in on the violin which he had abandoned at 15 and returned to at 65. Not only would he learn all about it and eventually collect four of the finest violins ever made (Stradivarius, Guarneri, Amati and Steiner), he would insist on playing it. He could read the notes, he once complained, but he couldn't keep time. He was Godawful. One of the funniest photographs I've ever seen is of Arnold sawing away at a Park Avenue benefit, eyes closed in rapture, his tuxedoed audience clinching theirs in distress. On schedule, he took a month off to write a book about violins.

"Happiness," he once told an interviewer, "is the absence of pain." Well, maybe. Except that he was too busy trying to steal it from the fleeting seconds of his day to check out how he felt.

You can't like everything, of course: the quality of yes is conditioned by the selective no. In a sense I was a casualty of the war going on inside Arnold between his two opposing forces, non-intervention and steadfastness. He didn't start the shooting but he didn't try to stop it either—rather, in the bad first few minutes, I thought he didn't.

It was the ultimate test of corporate fealty, occuring at the end of my time at *Esquire* and paralleling rather neatly the circumstances that had brought me there. The magazine was netting a million but that was not good enough. The newsstand was slipping, advertising had hit a plateau, and, as in the mid-'50s, management decided to make changes. A convenient occasion would be the beginning of 1974 when Arnold would turn 70, obliged by corporate law to surrender the title of publisher. I would be eased upstairs to his job. The trouble was, Arnold had so completely disenfranchised his editorial chores there was nothing left to inherit but his public relations duties—worse to me than doing nothing. He knew I didn't like it, and when I proposed to him in private an alternative plan which would enable me to go on editing the magazine, he approved: "Yeah, sure. Let's hope they'll buy it." I drafted my proposal and forwarded it to management. A few days later I was called into the board room where the group of four of them, of whom he was one, were waiting. "We have considered your proposal and our decision is unanimously against you," said the indignant president. "Four to nothing. We have come to the end of the road with you. . . ."

Four? Sitting with his chin in his hand, Arnold said nothing. To hell with *laissez faire*, I thought. I prepared now to dismiss him from my life.

The story of these events ran in a low-key way through two editions of the *Times*. The company told the press I had been offered the job of publisher and, demanding the title of editor as well, had resigned when thwarted; the fact was, being unwilling to surrender the editorship to take the title of publisher, I was fired for not accepting what was offered—an elusive distinction for all but the few of us involved. Arnold was spokesman for the company.

In preparation for his follow-up the reporter, Eric Pace, called to say he had talked with Arnold and wanted now my version of events.

What did Arnold say about the board's vote, I asked; that part hadn't been in the first story.

"He said the decision against you was three to one."

"*Three* to one? Who cast the dissenting vote?"

"He said he did," Pace said. "Arnold Gingrich."

That clears up most of the ambivalence, I guess, at least so far as this older Turk is concerned. All the rest of it is love.

Harold T. P. Hayes

Harold T.P. Hayes is a former editor of *Esquire*.

Coming
Charles Maier
on
Mussolini's Empire

Books Considered

A Prince Of Our Disorder: The Life Of T.E. Lawrence by John E. Mack

(Little, Brown; $15)

Lawrence of Arabia: The Literary Impulse by Stanley and Rodelle Weintraub

(Louisiana State Univ. Press; $8.50)

Never was a man so much the stuff of his own and others' dreams as T.E. Lawrence. He was reading *Lord Jim* at the time he wrote *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, and he may have recognized his experience in the hero's self-and-others-destroying fulfillment as a "white rajah," a fate curiously like his own in Arabia. Lawrence led the Arabs successfully in their revolt against Turkey during World War I not only because he imposed his own dreams upon them but because he gave form to theirs. He became *our* "Lawrence of Arabia" because the imagination of the West, emptied of romance by the sordidness of the Western Front, craved a renewal of the heroic image.

Lawrence's feeling that his own identity was something born of dreams—and therefore suspect, rather than essential and inalienable—was rooted in the experiences of childhood. To begin with, the family to which he and four brothers belonged was founded on a lie. Thomas Chapman, already married and the father of four daughters, had bolted with his children's governess and established a new home with her, assuming the name of Lawrence. This second household was really what it appeared, a highly respectable Victorian family, the unmarried mother, who happened to have been illegitimate herself, a model of Calvinist piety and maternal strictness. But Lawrence learned the literal truth before he was 10, detected his parents' sense of guilt and shared it. Their adultery made him illegitimate in a

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profound sense; brought up in a severely conventional moral atmosphere he would always feel the bastard's loss of name, place, role. As Lawrence's latest biographer, who is a practicing psychoanalyst, observes, the consequences were not entirely negative; his irregularity increased his originality, his inventiveness. But did it not also make him a liar, as an earlier biographer, Richard Aldington, claimed? Mack thinks that Lawrence's tendency to fabricate his personal history and to write fiction instead of chronicle when recalling the Arab Revolt has been exaggerated. His story, in the main, stands up to the elaborate checkup now given it. But it still may be said that his illegitimacy, his sense of living a lie, did help to make him an artist.

His sense of disguise promoted, I would say, the readiness with which he afterward could assume a literal disguise so that he seemed in his burnoose an incongruously fair and blue-eyed Arab. This was perfectly deliberate. As a British officer working to engage the collaboration of a foreign people in the war, he perfected techniques of assimilation with the Arabs which, indeed, he set forth in an essay directed to other Foreign Service agents and published in the official *Arab Bulletin* in 1917. He counseled: "Learn all you can about your Ashraf and Bedu. Get to know their families, clans and tribes, friends and enemies, wells, hills and roads . . . Get to speak their dialect of Arabic . . . If you can wear Arab kit when with the tribes you will acquire their trust and intimacy . . . You will be like an actor in a foreign theatre, playing a part day and nights for months . . ." Nevertheless it seems clear, I think, that he *wanted* to change his identity, to become an Arab, for less calculated reasons. He felt drawn to what he believed to be the essential character of the desert-dweller, to an ascetic mode of life emptied of the clutter of civilization and subordinating the unruly impulse of sex which had planted its shame in his parents' lives. Wanting to be this other, he became a master of self-transformation and fell in love with Arabia and the Arabs—indeed, perhaps, with one Arab in particular, the water-boy Dahoum, to whom *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is dedicated, who was the self he would have liked to be.

Nevertheless, as Mack stresses, Lawrence's adjustment to his illegitimacy had the effect of making him also excessively suspicious of deceit in himself. He came to believe that he had deceived the Arabs (as his parents had tried to deceive him) and to hate so much the image of himself created by his fame after the war settlements were over he wanted nothing but to retreat into anonymity. He began by stripping himself of the always-false name of Lawrence, and when he joined the RAF in 1922 it was as Private Ross. After this deliberately reduced identity was denied him by newspaper publicity and his release from the Air Force, he would take, upon rejoining the Army, still another name. This time it was Shaw, which was the name of the famous writer who offered him, by his kindly interest and help, a new paternity.

Lawrence was the prey from an early age of dreams of role. His mother expected him to redeem her fallen state by some notable moral achievement. His natural precocity marked him out from his brothers for the task. As a boy his imagination was fed on medieval romances and the literature of Victorian medievalism—Tennyson's *Idylls* and William Morris; he took bicycle trips to old English churches and castles, rubbed brasses. The crusades in particular continued to hold his interest at Oxford and he hunted crusader castles, the subjects of his thesis, on tours of France. He seems to have prepared himself for future physical and spiritual trial, like a young knight. While still a schoolboy he would impose on himself formidable exercises of privation or endurance. Aged 21, he made the 1100-mile foot-journey from Beirut into northern Syria and Mesopotamia and back alone, his knowledge of the language still imperfect, sleeping in native villages or outdoors, eating the local food, falling ill of malaria and once being beaten and robbed. Mack has discovered that before going East Lawrence proposed to a childhood friend and was rejected, and thinks that this disappointment caused him to embrace with relief the masculine comradeship of the expedition camp and also to admire the nomad Bedouin. I doubt that this proposal can have been more than a momentary experiment with an implausible role (for Lawrence is supposed never to have kissed the young lady and to have remained a virgin always). Along with an early-implanted fear of sex he had an aspiration to be a Grail hero, a Parsifal.

Lawrence's sexual character has been the subject of much discussion, and Mack is perhaps excessively anxious to "clear" him of homosexuality by emphasizing that he seems not to have ever had any sexual relationship with man or woman, to have rejected sexual offers from both sexes, and, indeed, to have more than once stated his position as an outsider to the universal obsession with what he referred to as "a pleasure which, so I am credibly informed, lasts less than one and three-quarter minutes." He wanted to return, perhaps, to the pure affection of a band of brothers united against the single dominating female influence of their mother who, Lawrence felt, had robbed his father of his masculinity, forbidding him drink and hunting. He found a fraternal companionship during the war among his English and Arab comrades and later sought it during his service enlistments. The vulgar carnality and language of his service friends was to be a part of the ordeal he forced himself to endure after his days of glory, which he came to see as shame, were over. But, maybe, he found their coarseness more endurable than the dreaded world of families.

In no area, of course, is the individual's self-view more important—and the need for consistency greater—than in the matter of sex. Lawrence, living out the dream of sexual purity, suffered the greatest trauma of his life in discovering that he was not asexual after all. He described in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* his capture by the Turks at Der'a and the Bey's attempt to bugger him, which he resisted, suffering a brutal beating. But he confessed to Mrs. Shaw: "For fear of being hurt or rather to earn five minutes respite from the pain which drove me mad, I gave away the only possession we are born in the world with—our bodily integrity." The meaning seems obvious, but Mack insists that it does not necessarily mean that he yielded to the Bey's pederasty, though such a yielding might well have been a shocking disclosure to him of his hidden nature. In any case, the experience had more important revelatory effects. Lawrence acknowledged that "a delicious warmth, probably sexual was swelling through me" during the worst moment of the beating—and he was precipitated into masochist compulsion. In later years, he employed a service-mate, John Bruce, to administer whippings. He could not have any longer deceived himself that he did not crave, like most fallen humanity, sexual gratification in some shape or form. And he sought it along with agony and humiliation. He felt that he *deserved* to be scourged, not because a fictitious uncle was angry with him (the story he told John Bruce) but because of his betrayal of his own dreams of self and of

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the dreams of others.

To what extent had he, in fact, betrayed the Arabs? Phillip Knightley and Colin Simpson, whose articles in the London *Sunday Times* in 1969 first made public the Bruce story, charged that Lawrence had acted exclusively in the interests of the British war-machine. Even Carchemish, they asserted, had been a blind for intelligence surveillance of the nearby Berlin-Baghdad railway. Lawrence had been trained as an agent at Oxford by Hogarth, a member of the secret brain-trust called "The Round Table" which was assisting the government behind the scenes. Mack is sceptical, though he admits that in January 1914, Lawrence did take part in a military survey of the Sinai under cover of a scientific exploration of the Biblical "Wilderness of Zin." After war broke out he was in uniform, officially doing intelligence in Cairo; in May 1916, the Sharif of Mecca and his sons started a revolt against Turkish rule in the Hijaz and Lawrence went down to work on the project of joining their energies to the cause of Turkey's greater enemies. It was Lawrence who selected Faisal among the Sharif's sons as the fit leader of the Arabs and developed a plan of guerrilla warfare that led to the capture of Aqaba—securing the Sinai and a British seaport in Palestine—and then to the taking of Damascus by a combination of Allied and Arab forces. The Arab action on the eastern flank of the British had meanwhile made a second front which pinned down tens of thousands of Turkish troops.

But the Arabs would not have collaborated with the British if they had not received promises of independent statehood, had not been sold the dream of a united Arabia by Lawrence. As soon as the war was over, the victors proceeded to divide the spoils. The secret Sykes-Picot agreement, by which England and France sliced up the Middle East, was a clear violation of the promises Lawrence had participated in making. So he felt compelled to take a further responsibility in the postwar political consequences of the war. Lobbying vainly for Arab independence at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, a picturesque figure in his Arab robes, he was observed glaring morosely at Arthur Balfour over the clipped hedges at Versailles. Then, he began *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, which is both an apologia and a palinode. It is a work which somehow reconstitutes the dream-image of the Laurentian prophet or crusader at the same time that it exposes the falsity of his role. He would feel, later, that some of what he had hoped for was achieved in the Middle East; in 1921 he worked with Churchill to place Faisal and his brother Abdullah on the thrones of two new Arab states, Iraq and Trans-Jordan, and persuaded old King Husayn to sign treaties which included the continued presence of the French in Syria and the British mandate for Palestine.

The curious quasi-masterpiece that is Lawrence's chief claim to literary significance emerged, as Stanley and Rodelle Weintraub show, out of a succession of earlier writings and was several times rewritten. Tracing the stages of metamorphosis one can observe Lawrence struggling to arrive at a tenable conception of his own role. He had published anonymous newspaper accounts of the desert campaigns as well as signed pieces on Faisal, "a modern Saladin," giving most of the credit to the British and to the Arab leaders in order to dramatize the idea of nationhood and give a public boost to this leader who was to be the hero, as he himself became the anti-hero, of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. By this time he had a manuscript of the book, which he lost in a railroad waiting-room; Lawrence thought later that unconscious forces had been at work in the "accidental" elimination of this "shorter, snappier, more truthful" version. He produced a new manuscript which resulted in a printing of eight copies in 1922, only persuaded to this publication by a friend who argued that "it is a book on motive, and necessary at this moment of life; the world had lied till it was blind, and had to be reeducated to see its motives." And, indeed, in the post-war revulsion against the phony high causes for which men had died Lawrence's efforts to search out his personal motives, so ambiguously composed of dreams conscious and unconscious, of ideal and unacknowledgable causes, was located at the very center of the general sensibility.

It was this version that was later revised and cut by about 13 percent in the preparation of the only slightly less private subscriber's edition (127 copies) of 1926—later reissued popularly. In this revision Lawrence had the help of none other than GBS, who imposed changes on grounds both literary and political. The Weintraubs say that Lawrence "took no pleasure" in changes of the latter kind, but he did allow them, and it would be more correct to say that Shaw became the ego-protecting portion of Lawrence which he now rejected only to locate it in a friend. Shaw's most striking alteration was the elimination of the entire first chapter of the original, a bitter statement which contained the observation about dreams. Lawrence had continued, "I meant to make a new nation, to restore lost influence, to give twenty millions of Semites the foundation on which to build an inspired dream-palace of their national thoughts. So high an aim called out the inherent nobility of their minds, and made them play a generous part in events: but when we won, it was charged against me that the British petrol royalties in Mesopotamia were becoming dubious, and French colonial policy was ruined in the Levant. I am afraid that I hope so." The suppressed chapter was only published in 1939.

Even without it, the work remains highly ambiguous. Mack points out how the design of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* expresses Lawrence's conflicting views of himself. Passages that give him epic status are matched with countervailing self-disparagement and proclamations of his baseness. After saying "Akaba had been taken on my plan by my effort," Lawrence goes on to describe how, at Tafas, he had been provoked to criminal bloodthirstiness, ordering that no

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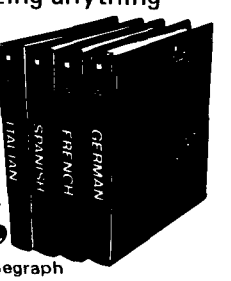

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prisoners be taken, in revenge for Turkish outrages against Arab villagers—and probably also in revenge for outrages against himself at Der'a. The changes in style from the early journalistic accounts to the epic inflation of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, which the Weintraubs exhibit in parallel passages, suggest a straining toward an implausible superiority to the plain facts, an insistence on the survival of the epic tone. In 1926 he again cut the book, this time in half, for the popular abridgment, *Revolt in the Desert*. Lawrence eliminated the confessional outbursts which provide the longer text with its troubling complexity, simplified the anguished presence that had dominated his book and offered a "version for boy scouts" in its place.

After 1922, the story bifurcates. The "Lawrence of Arabia" legend, in essence his own youthful dream of himself as a modern crusader, became the dream of millions while Lawrence detached himself from it, trying to attain a dreamless integrity as an obscure soldier in the ranks. Lowell Thomas assisted the development of a legendary Lawrence by his film and talk shows glamorizing the Arabian campaign. This was really myth-making on demand. Lord Beaverbrook had launched a program to bring home to America Britain's part in the war and invited American newsmen to the Western Front. But Thomas found dull awfulness in the trenches. It was suggested that he go to the Middle East; he there encountered the striking English figure engaged in lovely raids and escapades—on camels—against a background of exotic desert scenery. His show was vastly successful, both here and in England where it played to an audience of six million. Lawrence himself, bemused but fascinated, came five times, and observed, "He has invented some silly phantom thing, a sort of matinee idol in fancy dress." The films did pick up the hint, for Valentino's *The Shiek* (1921) soon initiated the film genre of desert romance. Later, of course, the cultural imagination would absorb Lawrence's own representation of himself in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, and he would seem the Hamlet of our time because, as Christopher Isherwood said, he "suffered in his own person the neurotic ills of an entire generation."

By then Lawrence was out of it. He tried to live the balance of his life as a simple good-fellow in the RAF and the Tank Corps, hoping that "perhaps in determinism complete there lies the perfect peace I have so longed for." He wrote *The Mint*, a stark description of barracks life seen from the ranks, a viewpoint that had not till then received literary treatment; in the place of his own buried life of leadership he substituted the experience of the wholly led. He worked toward surrender of the hungry dreams which he had once fed by a life of daring enterprise: "Desires and ambitions and hopes and envy . . . do you know I haven't any more of these things now in me, for as deep as I can reach? I am happy when I'm sitting still, in complete emptiness of mind." Yet feeling now and again the surge of ego he loved to charge out on the roads at top speed on his Brough motorcycle: "It is *me* piling up this hill, hollowing this valley, stretching out this level plain." On such a ride he was thrown and killed after 13 years of what his service record termed "devoted self-effacement."

Millicent Bell

Millicent Bell has written biographic books and essays on Hawthorne, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Virginia Woolf, John P. Marquand and others.

Wind in the Tower: Mao Tse-tung and The Chinese Revolution 1949-1975 by Han Suyin

(Little, Brown; $12.50)

Mao Tse-tung: The Man in the Leader by Lucian W. Pye

(Basic Books; $12.95)

It is easy to forget what an epoch-spanner Mao Tse-tung has been. As a child he was told the news of the Boxer Rebellion; his father foisted a feudal arranged marriage on him at age 14; he was already a questing student when China's last dynasty sank with a whimper in 1911.

Yet 38 years later he looked benignly down from Tian An-men to proclaim the People's Republic of China and exult that the Chinese people had "stood up" after a century of lowliness; 61 years later, in 1972, he received the pilgrim Richard Nixon in a Peking by now his spiritual fortress; and as I write these lines the chain-smoking Old Survivor sits among his ancient books, like a sage "sitting solidly on a fishing boat regardless of the rise of wind and waves," still the arbiter of China's basic policies. Maybe the price of such longevity is that Mao is a genius whose time has passed before his own life has done so.

A common major theme of these two books is the conflict Mao has had with those around him, the reasons for it, and the implications for a China that must soon have to press on without him. Otherwise the reader might wonder if Han Suyin and Lucian Pye are writing about the same man.

Han deals only with post-1949 Mao, having dealt with his first 56 years in her previous *Morning Deluge*. She writes less well than in the previous volume because recent political complexities do not lend themselves to her moral narrative style as the early heroic years did.

She is no stickler for documentary detail and a bit indiscriminate in her sources: the frequent footnote "Author's private interview" would only be acceptable as the source of a quote if *some* clue was given about the nature of the interviewee. Nevertheless she gives a lot of information about Mao's achievements and fights, some of it new material garnered in her many thorough visits to the land where she has lived part of her life.

Han Suyin this time allows an occasional cloud of doubt to cross her face of smiles: Mao was guilty of "utopian surmise" during the Great Leap Forward, when Peking boasted, "We shall teach the sun and moon to change places"; some of the leaders struck down by the Cultural Revolution (notably Canton's Tao Chu) may not be as bad as Peking maintains; the secret police shows signs of growing too big for its boots.

But in general she treats Mao's career as a morality play. The Chairman had to oppose one colleague after the next, and each of Moscow's leaders since Stalin, because they all diluted the pure milk of socialism with the water of opportunism. The reason for conflict has always been deviation from a correct line from which Mao has never wavered. "Obstruction continued" is a phrase that becomes the cement between the bricks

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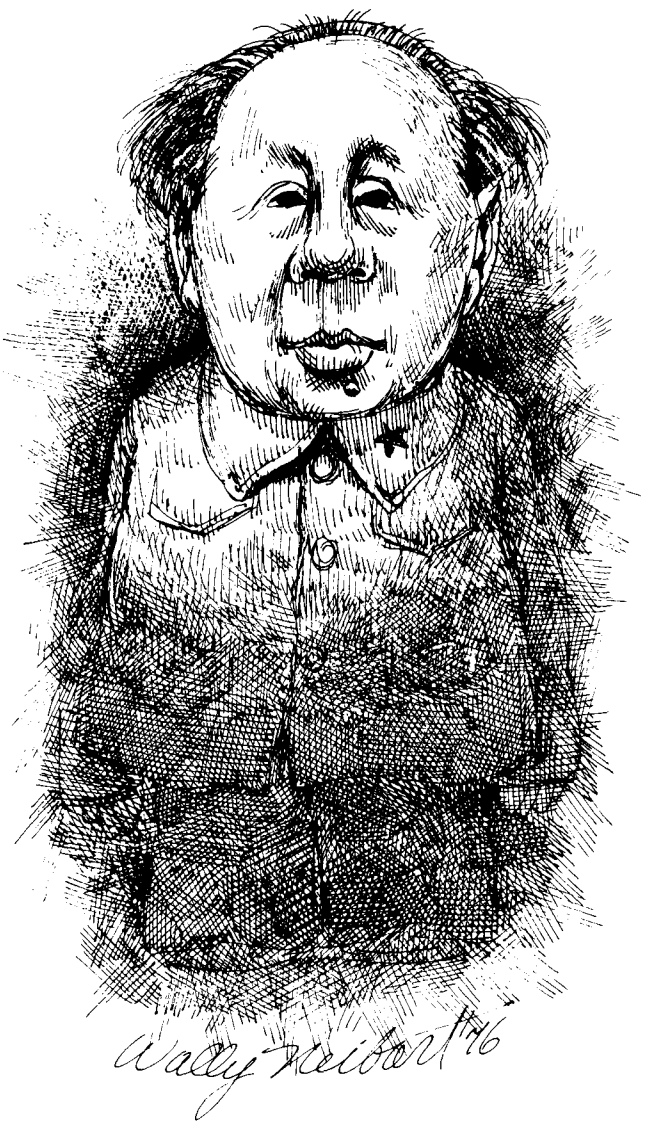
of Han's fairly sobering story.

I do not think Han Suyin throws light on many fundamental questions about Mao the politician since 1949. Many readers will feel that she sidesteps the issue in passages like this: "Thus the 'ultra-left' promoted by Lin Piao and Chen Po-ta was objectively right-wing and counterrevolutionary, since it was sabotaging the cultural revolution to bring about the personal power of one man." If parts of *Wind in the Tower* won't stand the test of time the reason is not that events overtake it—Teng Hsiao-ping is much praised as loyal to Mao and as a man whose "past history was irreproachable"—but that there is nothing in the framework of its arguments that suggests *how it is possible* or *why it is necessary* for Mao to recast his morality play and remake the past every few years.

At the same time the good access to China enjoyed by this novelist-physician of mixed European and Chinese ancestry yields fruits not found on sturdy trees of scholarship. She shows how Chen Po-ta rose by flattering Madame Mao much as Lin Piao fawned on Mr. Mao. She gives figures for casualties during the Cultural Revolution that point to an overall toll higher than has been thought. She sees free sex mores and bright clothes as having been wrongly criticized as "bourgeois" when they were really only healthy departures from Confucianism.

There are interesting morsels on debates over the arms budget and on how 10,000 Russians once advised the Chinese military, on what Khrushchev said to the Chinese during their fights, on a novel written to try and exonerate the fallen Manchurian leader Kao Kang, on how Mao's aphorism "The East wind prevails over the West wind" evokes climate not race, on how the ultra-left forces demanded a total purge of *all* Communist party members in 1968 and how they later congregated in south China after Mao chopped off their fingers in Peking.

In Pye's book there is almost no new data on Mao but, unlike Han Suyin's, it has a theme and attempts to answer a basic question. Pye believes nothing is as important in the Chinese revolution as the personality of Mao. His excellent aim is to link the flow of history with a historical leader's motivations. Pye looks to the psyche for clues to Mao's stress on contradictions, his high-risk political methods, his distrust of impersonal



organizations and readiness to entertain chaos, and above all his alleged abandonment of people who have been close to him (though I suppose Pye would not like the reader to look into Pye's psyche for the key to why he analyzes Mao the way he does).

Pye sees Mao refusing to be father to his own children and becoming instead father of the revolution. Crucial is Mao's conflict with his own father brought about in reaction to a sense of abandonment by his mother that the young Mao felt when his brother arrived. So when Mao complained that Teng Hsiao-ping "ignored me" and "stayed on the other side of the room" this was an echo of how Mao felt when he ceased to be the sole object of his mother's love. Mao's opposition to Liu Shao-ch'i is "reminiscent" of his hostility to his own father on the farm near Changsha.

Chinese politics has often been personality-ridden—especially since the Cultural Revolution—and Pye is correct to see psychology as the missing link in what Peking says about its political self. If the Chinese insist that Mao directs everything, we must also ask what directs Mao. But Pye faced awesome obstacles in writing his bold and untidy book, and he left politics and Mao's ideas so far to one side that he suggests the Sino-Soviet split shows Mao's inner need to build "bonds of conflict with a larger opponent." He has asked apt questions about the man in the leader but he has pinned down no answers.

The sources of information on Mao's private life are too thin to bear the weight Pye rests on them. True we have been "deprived of knowledge of him as a complete human being" but Pye doesn't bridge the data gap. It is part of the author's disarming frankness to say that he has "speculated that certain events must have taken place even though we lack objective proof"; it is part of a careful reader's reaction to rate Pye's speculations variously.

Pye asserts that Mao has been "isolated from councillors and advisors" and has led a "singularly lonely life" but he cannot be sure of this and in fact Han Suyin presents much evidence to the contrary. Pye finds odd three facts about Mao's ties with women that are all probably false: that he "had no association with women or girls" until his late 20s; that he unreasonably abandoned his first two chosen wives; that he "never had an enduring husband and wife relationship" (what of 37 years of marriage with Chiang Ch'ing, his present wife?).

Pye finds it significant that Mao's brother did not rebel against his father as Mao did, and that Mao never showed great excitement over the experience of being a father; but due to the life on the run of revolutionaries we just do not have a balance of records to justify either conclusion (or dozens of others in

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this farrago of maybes). It is all a bit like saying Pye did not smile yesterday because today's *Boston Globe* does not report his having done so.

Another problem is that in order to sustain his argument Pye "hears the wind and calls it rain" (a Chinese phrase for jumping to conclusions which Teng used of Mao himself last year). Traits that Pye finds peculiar to Mao are in fact found in most politicians; of whom is it *not* true that "his life style since coming to power has been one of mainly mixing with the powerful"?

Indeed many pegs for Pye's psychological theory of Mao's peculiar "greatness" as a leader seem present in millions of ordinary people who never did things remotely like those Mao has done ("What he disliked he did not do well"; his "hearty laughter" at the theater is a sign that he "enjoys the freedom of playing with his own emotions in the safety of a make-believe setting"). Who will detect a "feminine quality" in the fact that Mao's handshake "became increasingly flaccid as he aged." These things do not help us explain Mao's role in modern China. In fact Pye has only given us a portrait of Mao, not an explanation, because few of his psychological tidbits about Mao are special to Mao.

One could quibble with suppositions all over the place in this hit-and-miss book. Three times Mao is called a demi-god (not to speak of tinsel phrases like "the magic of greatness" and the "miracle of Mao"). I doubt the Chinese regard him as such unless the term means merely the kind of high awe the English had for Churchill. Pye must be thinking only of foreign visitors when he claims in arguing that Mao secludes himself: "The Pope in one day admits to his presence more people than Mao Tse-tung grants audiences (sic) in a year." That Pye believes "since the Cultural Revolution Mao has been the only person in all of China to live in rooms lined with bookshelves and surrounded by piles of reading material" only proves that Pye has never seen the homes of professors on China's campuses.

One could get carried away by the flaws in *Mao Tse-tung*. Yet Pye has spoken with a fresh voice that alerts us to Mao's emotional complexities; to his mixed attitude toward China's past; to his desire to rule at times and to merely reign at others; to his fascination with splits and destruction and war as levers for progress ("Death has benefits; fertilizer is created"); his reluctance to put a seal of approval on a successor.

Well Mao is 82 and frail and won't be around to supervise the greatest of all issues he has tossed to the Chinese people—how to do without him. But despite a weakness in the political system which is common to all Marxist states, the social system of China is stable and Mao's passing will not undo the pattern of moral peasant socialism that Mao established.

Conflict will not cease, though, because its real seat lies neither in Mao's personality nor in an endless parade of renegades, but in the logic of the Communist party's success in changing China from a weak feudal land into a strong modern one. The reason why Mao may now be out of date is that his magnificent life's work has resulted in the buoyant life of hundreds of millions of healthy, educated, aspiring Chinese youths who have no memory of a bitter past and take for granted the Socialist institutions that Mao thinks must be won by new struggles in every generation. The best resource for testing such ideas remains Mao's own writings and especially his recent pithy essays as collected in *The Mao Papers* and *Chairman Mao Talks to the People.*

Ross Terrill

Ross Terrill is associate professor of government at Harvard and author of *Flowers on an Iron Tree: Five Cities of China* (Little,Brown).

Montgomery of Alamein by Alun Chalfont

(Atheneum; $12.95)

Considering that on one occasion when he was asked to name the world's three greatest commanders, Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein replied, "The other two are Alexander the Great and Napoleon," the man would not be pleased with this book. It entirely fails to ratify Montgomery's monumentally egotistical view of his place in history and indeed assigns him a far less exalted (though still very substantial) niche.

As Montgomery's aristocratic title indicates, he is best known for his defeat of German Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, the wily and renowned Desert Fox, at El Alamein in North Africa. Coming as it did at the end of a very uncertain and disheartening year (among other calamities, Malaya, Singapore and Burma had all fallen to the Japanese), the striking news of Alamein, which stopped Rommel's advance through a string of exotic and romantic-sounding locations such as Cyrenaica, Gazela and at last Tobruk (whose fall earlier in June 1942 vaguely threatened the stability of the Churchill government in London), came as a bright and welcoming beacon to a seemingly foundering ship.

Inevitably, the jaunty "Monty" became a hero throughout the Allied nations, a condition of affairs which he aided with his flair for self-promotion and publicity. And (as Montgomery himself said often enough) it surely secured him a mighty place in military history.

Or did it?

Since those dark days of 1942 and the years following when Monty's greatness seemed unquestionable (see Alan Moorehead's biography of 1946), there has been a steady and relentless chipping away. Correlli Barnett in *The Desert Generals* (1960) and R.W. Thompson in *The Montgomery Legend* (1967) and *Montgomery, the Field Marshal* (1970) went far toward questioning the carefully contrived image. And now Lord Chalfont has gone even further toward showing us the former idol's clay feet.

What these men have by now demonstrated is that the war in North Africa was one that the British were very likely to win had no change in command been made. They had a massive matériel superiority over the Axis armies whose resources were much depleted after the first Battle of El Alamein (July 1942). Had General Sir Claude Auchinleck, the commander of the British Eighth Army, remained in command, the result would most probably have been the same.

However, because Churchill had insufficient confidence in Auchinleck, this much undervalued man was relieved of his command, which was ultimately transferred to the jubilant Montgomery. Nevertheless it should be noted that the new commander not only took over Auchinleck's command but also his plans; characteristically, he refused to give his predecessor credit for them. In fact, as Chalfont rightly points out, Montgomery "grossly distorted" these events in both his memoirs and during a series of BBC interviews.

More seriously, however, the intense-

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ly defensive-minded Montgomery allowed Rommel to escape after his defeat in the early days of November 1942, giving him the opportunity to regroup and flee. Thus is Chalfont right in concluding, "The exploitation of the victory at Alamein was abysmal." No wonder Rommel was glad to have such a tactician as Montgomery as his chief foe, since more than anyone else Montgomery allowed his German counterpart the chance to gain for himself the superior place in the annals of war.

While it is therefore clear that Montgomery was not as important a general as he would have wished us to believe, he was nonetheless a good and competent and sometimes even an inspiringly brilliant commmander. Moreover, when one considers his own battered and pinched emotional make-up and his inability to get along with people, the fact that he was able to operate as a commander at all effectively deserves an explanation.

Throughout his life and probably directly due to a very unhappy childhood (he ultimately quarrelled with all his siblings and never could abide his mother, whom he once ordered an embarrassed English town council to bar from a victory celebration in his honor), he found the process of human relations almost impossibly difficult. Indeed, unbearably egocentric, he approached individuals as if they were his to command. The results were of course predictable: the graceless, supercilious Montgomery was generally loathed by his peers and avoided by his superiors. In consequence, his career was by no means secure or his advancement inevitable; only a complete and monomaniacal dedication to soldiering saved him.

Just as this zealotry (and the prickliness which attended it) discommoded many of Montgomery's contemporaries, it may well be the reason why Lord Chalfont does not like the man, for make no mistake about it, the author is not fond of his subject.

Thus, though his book is a carefully balanced affair and fairly well researched given the limitations that Montgomery himself imposed prohibiting Chalfont from seeing his diaries and private papers, the reader's final impression is very likely to be that the very establishmentarian Chalfont (who was a regular army officer for many years and thereafter Defence Correspondent of *The Times* of London and from 1964 to 1970 Minister of State for Foreign Affairs) feels a sometimes acute distaste for the maverick Montgomery.

To a considerable extent, of course, Chalfont is right to so feel: Montgomery was outrageously vain, often pointlessly and even brutally rude, narrow in his views, largely ignorant about the world politics he professed to know so well, emotionally immature and crippled.

But he was also a thoroughgoing soldier, rigorously dedicated to his profession and deeply and actively concerned about the welfare of his men who seem genuinely to have admired and respected him. If this is not quite the glorious and triumphant legacy Montgomery demanded, it is nonetheless solid and substantial.

Jeffrey L. Lant

Jeffrey L. Lant is coordinator of student services in the Boston College Evening College.

Arafat, the Man And the Myth by Thomas Kiernan

(Norton; $9.95)

It is no reflection on Thomas Kiernan that he has found out virtually nothing more than bazaar rumors about Yasser Arafat. He had the enterprise to go ask questions of living people. His book fascinatingly exposes how hard it is for Westerners to appraise what Arabs tell them. Ignorance of Arabic can be overcome through interpreters, but ignorance of Arab values is fatal.

Kiernan has a phrase of caution about "the dynamics of Arab sensibilities." What this actually means is that the kind of interview with a Westerner which Kiernan would know how to handle is impossible in an Arab context. In the absence of an open society, nobody can speak his mind freely; the interviewer himself is a threat because he might be acting on somebody's behalf, and the interviewee must therefore cover himself by propitiating every ascertainable interest. To find the truth can require months of cross-checking on the reasons and allegiances which make a man take the line he does, and by that time the man will probably change his line anyhow.

Arafat, it seems, was prepared to give Kiernan only the standard hagiography: how he was born in the Old City of Jerusalem in a house subsequently razed to the ground, how he and his family were victimized by the Israelis, how he has overcome the Zionist-imperialist plot all on his own, rallying the Palestinians to the point when he can launch a third world war.

Unlike some reporters Kiernan did not accept this at face value, whereupon Arafat ducked out of his book because it could be of no service to him. Kiernan had realized that Arafat was projecting an imaginary and unverifiable picture of himself, and that his freedom of maneuver has been dictated all along by his paymasters, principally Egypt, Syria and Russia, depending on the stages of the inter-Arab struggle. It was of course a marvel of conjuring that he could win even that much of a position for himself in this dead-end maze of intrigue, and the Palestinians will always give him credit for it. After all, he is one of them and has become a celebrity. So even as they curse and denigrate the man for the unnecessary misery he has caused them, they cannot help admiring him as a hero of the Arab style, thus doing their bit to construct a mythical achievement for him. With a better-based cynicism than is current in the West, they expect their leaders to rise to fame and fortune at everyone else's expense.

Kiernan's scoop was to trace Arafat's three surviving brothers, and through them he reached the other family friends and acquaintances. Their testimonies will have been conditioned by what they expected from Arafat at that moment, either by way of favors, or revenge for disloyalty. Colleagues who at some point broke with Arafat, and now produce amazing tales of his incompetence and treachery, are doing their duty to whichever rival group they are presently supporting. Kiernan puts it down without comment, but as far as facts go, he is not much the wiser for his hours of listening. It is still not established that Arafat's real birthplace was Gaza, whether in 1929 or 1930. His father, Abdul Al-Qudwa, was a middling businessman from Gaza, while his mother belonged to a minor branch of the Al-Husseini clan, who were notables, their head being no less than the old Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin Al-Husseini, in his day also the self-chosen spokesman of Palestinians. Avoiding the local disturbances of the '30s, the family

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moved to Cairo, where most of Arafat's childhood was spent.

There, in accordance with his father's wishes and politics, he was brought up to become a member of the Moslem Brotherhood, the Islamic revivalists who had a hold until they tried to destroy Nasser, who thereupon destroyed them. Arafat's teacher was an elder, Yusuf Al-Akbar (a suspect name, for it means only The Great), who apparently set the boy against his father and was murdered for his pains. Moslem Brotherhood attitudes are to be traced in Arafat to this day. No less dominating an early influence was someone called Majid Halaby, a renegade Lebanese conspirator shot by the British at the end of the '30s, but not before introducing Arafat to homosexuality. Before he was fully adult, Arafat appears to have been inept enough to shoot himself in the thigh during an anti-Jewish riot; to have raped and killed the woman he loved; to have murdered a man who had supposedly betrayed him; and to have been responsible for the castration of a faint-hearted revolutionary.

Nobody is seriously invited to believe this kind of grapevine talk at full throttle. Whatever the truth of it may be, it has the Arabian Nights purpose of spinning around a chosen leader appropriate legends of bloodshed and manhood. If the leader had an ordinary, and even fairly protected childhood, as was probably Arafat's case in Gaza and Cairo, then it must be romanticized to make later warring deeds seem all of a piece.

To the usual accounts of Arafat as a student and small time agitator in Egypt in the '50s, in Germany and finally Kuwait, Kiernan has little to add. He describes how the Syrians picked him up and recruited Fatah for him in pursuit of their quarrel against Nasser—it is symmetrical, at least, that the Syrians have broken him when he no longer suits their ends. What is badly missing is an examination of Arafat's handling of the political choices which have faced him since 1967. Having made it clear that Arafat does not fit the liberator's role in which he poses, Kiernan does not then go on to puzzle out why so many Westerners were taken in by it. Just when proper argument and a mass of printed material could replace the grapevine, he gives up and skimps the last nine years into 20 pages.

The point is that the Palestine cause has always gone by default. Had one of the several bi-national or partition schemes been accepted between 1917 and 1948, Palestinians would now probably be running their sovereign state, building a future on equal terms with Israelis. But instead of producing someone able to evaluate events, Palestinians submitted to the Mufti of Jerusalem. Haj Amin's vision was the simple one of killing all his enemies, which brought the country to the ruin of 1948.

When the whole of Palestine came under Israeli rule as a result of the Six Day War, there was a slim chance of reversing the blunders of Haj Amin's generation. After 20 years in the wilderness, Palestinians would have accepted almost any settlement offered them. But then the losers of the war, Jordan, Syria, Egypt, would have had to acknowledge their military impotence, and so instead they artificially fostered the Palestinian liberation movement. It was a fig-leaf for Arab shame. Perhaps they could have done no less. The innermost anxieties of a once great and proud nation had been shatteringly exposed. Islam, their motive force, made them what they are, but Islam produces neither Phantoms nor Sams, and they have a sense of despair that the light has gone out of it, and history has bypassed them.

Arafat could have used Fatah as the infrastructure for a real national movement of recovery, providing first welfare and education for the refugees, then a positive identity. Instead he opted for the military solution for which he was completely unprepared and unfitted. The Israelis, with a sure touch, smashed Fatah within a few weeks on the West Bank, and went on cleverly to appease the local population. The stability of Arab regimes was then at risk from men they themselves had armed. Now after civil wars in Jordan and Lebanon have raged over them, the Palestinians in exile are worse off than ever. Haj Amin had forced the cup of bitterness on them, and through his kinsman Arafat, they have drunk its dregs.

Without a real power base, Arafat proved himself a master of public relations. In a clash at Karameh, in March 1968, for instance, the Israelis lost 23 men and a dozen vehicles, the equivalent of a bad highway accident. But for Arafat this was symbolic enough to become a famous victory. I remember him in Amman at the time, generating press propaganda, with late-night calls for the journalists, and quasi-secret patrols down to the Jordan valley for shoot-outs with Israelis that never quite happened. Here was the man's brilliance. Sure enough, he was soon on the cover of *Time*, another Guevara, Giap, Ben Bella, one of the outlandish mascots of violence whom the '60s treated like some swinging product for the upmarket young.

Those days are over. Arafat still gives press conferences and issues bulletins of victory, but very few people indeed continue to mistake words for deeds. Even Kiernan, who set out after a hot story, has found only a myth coming apart in his hands.

David Pryce-Jones

David Pryce-Jones, an English journalist and historian, writes widely on Arab and Middle East affairs. His biography of Unity Mitford will be published by Dial Press this spring.

Reconsideration

A Study of History by Arnold Toynbee

Karsh of Ottawa, in what might be called the "official" portrait, showed an Arnold Toynbee of elegance, hands in pockets, relaxed and alert, watch fob on vest, from which hangs an object much like a Phi Beta Kappa key, symbol of a society little known in England. The portrait, although 15 years old, showed the man as he was to those who knew him, before his stroke in August of 1974. Only that stroke could have ended the flow of elegant prose from the pen of the best known historian of our time, for even now, months after Toynbee's death last October, comes another book from him with another magisterial title, *Mankind and Mother Earth: A Narrative History of the World*. Fifty-five titles (not including translations) preceed in the card catalogue. In production alone, he was virtually without peer.

Few historians have been so discussed, quoted, abused or vulgarized. Toynbee joins figures like Freud, Jung, Eliot, in having coined phrases used without knowledge of their source by those who like to sprinkle their cocktail party chatter with knowing asides. Is there any literate person who does not know about challenge and response, "fossilized religion," or the notion of communism as a Christian heresy, the

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Cold War as a civil war of the West? Even though he once wrote to me that a commitment "to public service, with . . . retreat cut off," was the road to unhappiness, no historian can have been more in the public service, in the sense that all that he wrote had genuinely public as distinct from scholarly impact. He had, after all, received the supreme accolade of American society—a cover story in *Time* magazine, in that faraway year 1947. He had just published the sixth (there were to be 12 in all) volume of his immensely speculative work, *A Study of History*, the centerpiece of his writing life from 1934 until 1961.

Dipping into *A Study of History* today is a bit like dipping into Chapman's Homer. It is the poetry of the vision that leaps up, to remind one of the fundamentally religious view of life taken by so many of Toynbee's generation, by a decreasing few today. Rereading any part of the *Study* is an exercise in personal and even national nostalgia. I remember how that *Time* cover story first led me to Toynbee (for 1947 was a time when one still thought that *Time* cover stories dealt with matters of major, or at least weekly, significance), and how the summer between high school and college, when with great earnestness I sat about improving myself, I read D.C. Somervell's first abridgment. Later, in graduate school, the chance remark by a professor who referred to *my* Arnold Toynbee's Uncle Arnold, who died at 30 and was responsible for both Toynbee Hall and *The Industrial Revolution*, as "the real Toynbee," led me to devote a summer to a reading of the whole. The preceding spring had been given to mastering a tiny time frame and an insignificant subject—one of the subjects my daughter, much later, would remark was among the "84 things you know not worth knowing"—and the shift from the minutaie of the Canadian-American Reciprocity Agreement of 1854 (happily abandoned before the subject did real damage) to the sweep of speculative thought represented by the *Study* was like a religious experience.

The last volume in the *Study* was entitled *Reconsiderations*. In it, Toynbee replied to his critics, calmly, carefully, and with an incredible erudition (Toynbee once even closed a letter to *The Times* concerning the Ethiopian war with a set of original verses in Greek). Since that book appeared, I came to know my Toynbee as the real Toynbee, exchanging letters and experiences, dining in his London flat and over tea in Yorkshire, benefiting from his carefully written notes on what my family must see in Crete. The modesty and candor of *Reconsiderations* was confirmed time and again, for Toynbee never pontificated, never lapsed into the cant phrases both age and fame have settled on less inquisitive minds, always asked questions and probed for opinions contrary to his own. And now, on rereading *Reconsiderations*, I am all the more convinced that Toynbee's work will survive as one of this century's greatest contributions to speculative thought.

Arnold Toynbee has often been compared to Edward Gibbon. Both saw religion as central to the story of civilization, Gibbon attacking and Toynbee defending the religious impulse in man. Both revealed themselves consciously and cleanly in their footnotes, Gibbon literally so and Toynbee in his volume-length footnotes to his larger work, in *Acquaintances, Experiences*, and of course, *Reconsiderations*. Both stirred much controversy and brought down upon themselves venomous attacks that damaged the attackers more than the attacked. Both overlaid their work, explicitly in prose and implicitly in choice of subject, with prophesy. Gibbon's work came to him in a vision, while upon the Capitoline Hill; Toynbee's *Study of History* began as jottings on a sheet of paper inspired by the view from a train in the Balkans.

Upon looking again at Toynbee, one sees highlighted his love of travel, his sense that history was good fun, and his immense curiosity. He commented in 1969 that he had never reached Montenegro, and he wrote that he deeply regretted that his travels in Africa south of the Sahara had been limited to Nigeria, Ethiopia and Cape Town-Durban. Travel was Toynbee's strong drink, and for those who believe that one must see the scenes of which one writes, he was the superb practitioner. When he finally had to give up travel, to live in retirement with his wife, Veronica, in the Yorkshire village of Ganthorpe, he remained alert to the world and to the problems of writing history. At the end of July 1974, my wife and I visited him in his retirement, and although he had long become an agnostic in that he accepted no institutionalized church, he discussed how historians had virtually become anthropologists in their sense of detachment from the past they studied, for if they had no understanding of religion they could not expect to interpret the lives of the vast majority of pre-Renaissance men and women, to whom religion was at the root of life. In this sense he never abandoned his conviction that, in "doing history," religion was more important than technology.

This was a happy man, one with something of a sense of wonder over having been spared in World War I, when so many of his generation were taken. He referred to all those years after the war as his "bonus years," noting that they had been particularly valuable to him, since "historians, like philosophers and politicians, need more time than mathematicians, ballet-dancers, or football-players to achieve results in their particular line of work." He felt an obligation, therefore, to do something to reward Fate for those bonus years. When he delivered three lectures on "America and the World Revolution," he noted that his first lecture was historical, his second was critical, and that he had put himself "under a moral obligation" to make the third lecture constructive. Those who suggest that he slipped into his prophetic mantle unconsciously have overlooked his candid admission of his obligation to do so.

There is in all that Arnold Toynbee wrote a sense of tension, of dualism, and even of suspense, between opposed forces. The tension is there in the titles: *Between Niger and Nile, Between Maule and Amazon, Between Oxus and Jumna.* Surely he is right in seeing an almost divine tension, of the kind the Greeks identified in their sculpture, as shaping man's perception of his future. Surely he was right in emphasizing what people *believed* to be true about themselves, even while stripping away the myths. Surely he was right, too, and Pieter Geyl was wrong, when the great Dutch scholar attacked Toynbee for his failure to honor national history in his reconstruction of the past. Today we organize our university curricula by national identities—History 20, The History of the United States; History 30, The History of England; History 40, The History of France, etc.—thus losing all comparative thrust, subtly inducing in our less reflective students the Whiggish notion that history is largely about the rise of the nation state, and convincing even the professional that national boundaries form the best receptacle for collecting historical data.

Nor does Toynbee's central prophesy, if it be that, seem so unlikely a judgment. He argued that man's fate would be decided by Western civilization's

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responses to the challenges of the future, some from outside the West. Are not those who tell us that technology will determine that future saying much the same thing? He said that the principle challenges would be those of class conflict and war. Is this not what we are still told on every side, whether by ideologues or presidential candidates? He remained convinced that the result would be played out on "the religious plane," and unless one takes this to mean within the arena of formal churches, this conviction seems unexceptional. One wonders what all the shouting was about until one remembers the historian's dislike for those whose leaps of faith from evidence to conclusion are greater than they will permit to themselves.

Toynbee replied to the shouting, in calm, measured, infuriating tones, in his *Reconsiderations*. There, too, his love of opposites and of paradox comes out. To be sure, to see life as a series of challenges and responses, of oppositions and resolutions, of societies suspended on plateaus and of prophetic *v.* non-prophetic religions, is to see life as rather more simple than it is. But Arnold Toynbee was replying as historian, public figure, and yes as Christian to an idea that he abhorred: that history was merely "one damn thing after another." (Or as W. Stull Holt wrote, "A damn dim candle held over a damn dark abyss.") Even in an informal interview at the American Embassy in London in 1968, the tendency toward polarized conceptions of the means by which resolutions occurred could be seen: ". . . Foreign Service Officers of the United States and of the Soviet Union between them have the fate of the world in their hands."

Here in America we all sat fascinated as the big guns blasted away. Trevor-Roper and A.J.P. Taylor followed the cannonades with boiling oil. Ved Mehta inserted his thin steel wire, there, just so, by the lung. H.A.L. Fisher informed us that he could discern no pattern in history. Annoyingly Toynbee simply kept on keeping on. In the end he would have recognized the lines sung by Seals and Crofts (allegedly from Baha'i scripture), having fallen among "lions roaring in forests of knowledge." In the day of the timid footnote, here was a man who roared.

Robin W. Winks

Robin W. Winks writes on mysteries for *TNR*, and is professor of history at Yale.

In "Dark Corner" ("American Things," TNR, July 17, 1976) the last two stanzas of the poem were inadvertently omitted. The entire poem reads as follows:

Dark Corner

Was said around home nobody
lived in Dark Corner, just
near it. For us it was across
the ridge in South Carolina.
After dark with the wind right
you could tell somebody was making.
Strong as the fermenting shade
under an apple tree
fumes came chimneying
through the gap in Painter
Mountain. Whole cornfields asweat
through an eye. What focus!
Not to mention sunlight gathered on hillsides
by the flush of cornleaves, and ground water
freighting minerals taken by sucker
roots, long weeks of play
with hoe and cultivator before
the laying by; stalks stretching
exhilarate in the July night
till sun fills the cobs' teeth
with oil. No mention
of top cutting,
fodder pulling. Talk
of digestion in mash vats at the head
of the holler, sugar agitations,
transubstantiations, work
of bacterial excitements; the
hot sweetness arrives. Comes the runoff
calling from the corruptions and burning
a ghost returned by the reflector
to a cool point. Manifests
heavy drops, pore
runny with lunar ink.

Back up under the summit line
where smoke is hid by haze
and updrafts lift
the mash smell a few
hundred yards out of state,
the lookout waits on the laurel ledge,
gun in lap to fire warning.
A rattler suns near, his crevice
high over the settlement.
Down there houses propped, a toilet
wades the creek on stilts. Man
here'll go down
on his daughter, god
damn her soul.

Uncle got sent up for moonshine,
did time in the Atlanta pen.
Long as water runs and corn grows green
and fire boils water I'll be making,
Judge, reckon on it, he said.
But something there broke him.
Rumor blamed the whippings. He
came back old, a new man.

Robert Morgan

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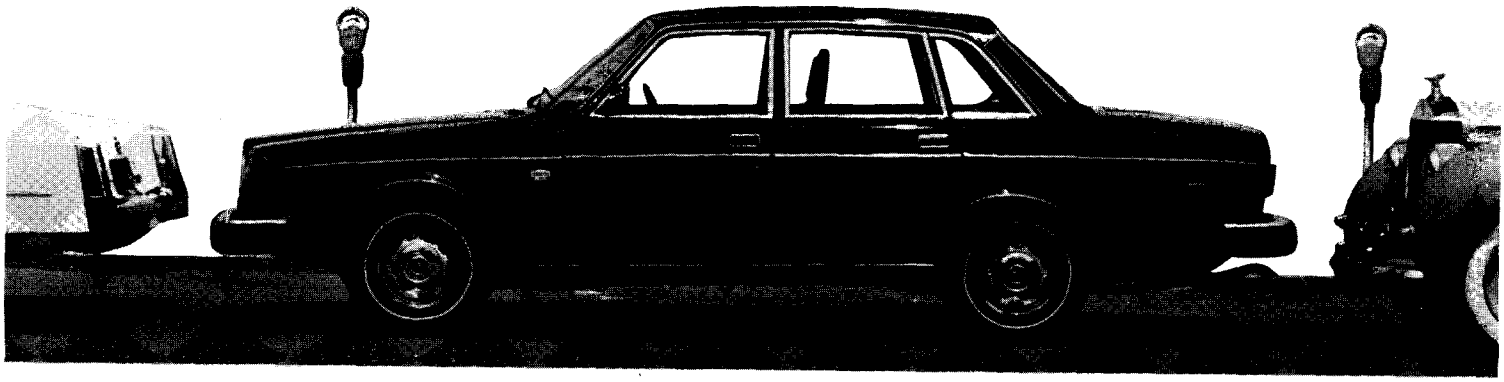

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